

LIFE

IN THIS ISSUE

THE MIDNIGHT SUN AN HOUR-BY-HOUR REPORT IN COLOR

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CROSBY

20 CENTS

JULY 30, 1951

CIRCULATION OVER
5,200,000

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The Gift that's sentimental—and practical, too!



Tell your sweetheart you love her with this streamlined modern Lane Cedar Hope Chest. Handsomely veneered with American walnut with paldao borders. Special Lane receding lid hinges allow chest to remain flush against wall when open. Removable self-rising tray. Model No. 2671. August only, \$54.95.*

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Eighteenth Century Chest in rich mahogany veneer with Lane's famous hand-rubbed finish and removable self-rising tray. Model No. 2670. August only, \$54.95.*



DE LUXE AUGUST VALUE! Graceful 18th Century lowboy, exquisitely finished with Lane welded mahogany veneers. One drawer at bottom with large cedar chest above—other drawers simulated. Model No. 2673. Specially priced for August only.

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NOW! Here's your chance to get her that Lane Cedar Chest—at a wonderful bargain price!

Just think! Now she can have the cedar chest that will guard her prized possessions as no other storage method can!

Soft blankets, beautiful linens, *all* her lovely trousseau things will stay fresh and sweet-smelling—safe from dust and moths—in a Lane Cedar Chest.

And these fine chests are ideal for *family* use, too!

For there's no easier way to store woollens, clothing and bedding than in a Lane—the **ONLY** pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, its absolute moth protection is guaranteed by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

Once-a-year values!

Choose one of these handsome Lane Cedar Chests at this August-Special price! Choose **NOW**—while selection is complete. The perfect gift for sweetheart, wife, daughter, mother, sister.

only \$54⁹⁵ while they last

at furniture and department stores

LANE Christmas Clubs now forming! \$1 reserves any Lane Chest. Small weekly payments. Delivery at or before Christmas.

*Slightly higher in the West and Canada.

There's a Lane Cedar Chest for every room in the house!

Every Lane is a handsome piece of furniture, beautifully designed, built to last a lifetime. See these August specials today—at furniture and department stores everywhere.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. L, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.



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Give your loved one a Lane Cedar Chest! Send money order and model number and name of person to whom you wish it delivered. We will arrange delivery through the nearest local Lane dealer.

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There's a big difference between a

collie and a cauliflower

—and there is a powerful difference, too,
between gasoline and **"ETHYL"** gasoline!

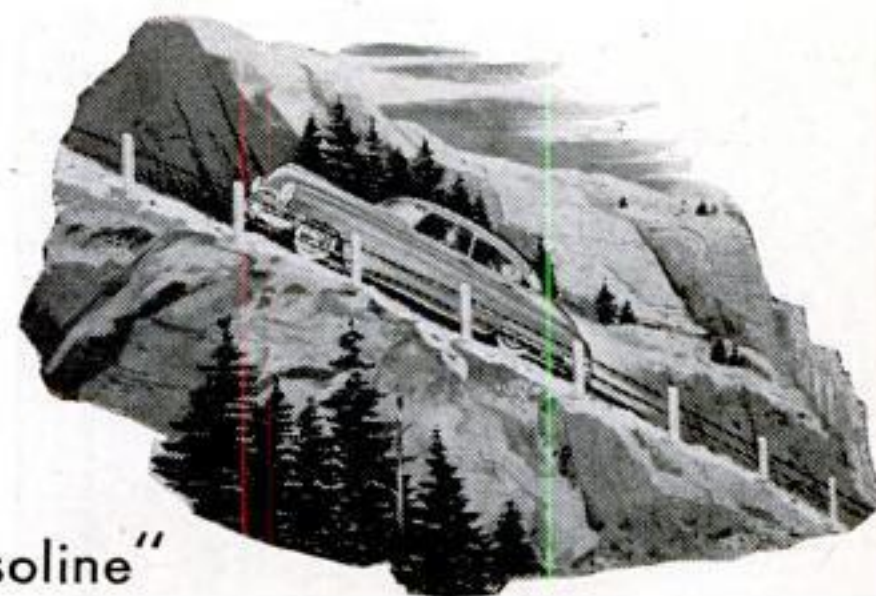
TRADE-MARK



When you feel the difference

... you'll be glad you said,

"Fill 'er up with 'Ethyl' gasoline"



When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake...ethylene dichloride...sodium (metallic)...chlorine (liquid)...oil soluble dye...benzene hexachloride (technical)

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . On these pages, Mr. Malik, is the most famous American Hooligan, Happy



hoo'li-gan (hoo'li-gan), *n.* . . . A loafer or ruffian, like the hoodlum or larrikin. *Orig. Slang, Eng.* — **hoo'li-gan**, *adj.* — **-gan-ism** (-iz'm), *n.* — **-gan-ize** (-iz), *v. t.*

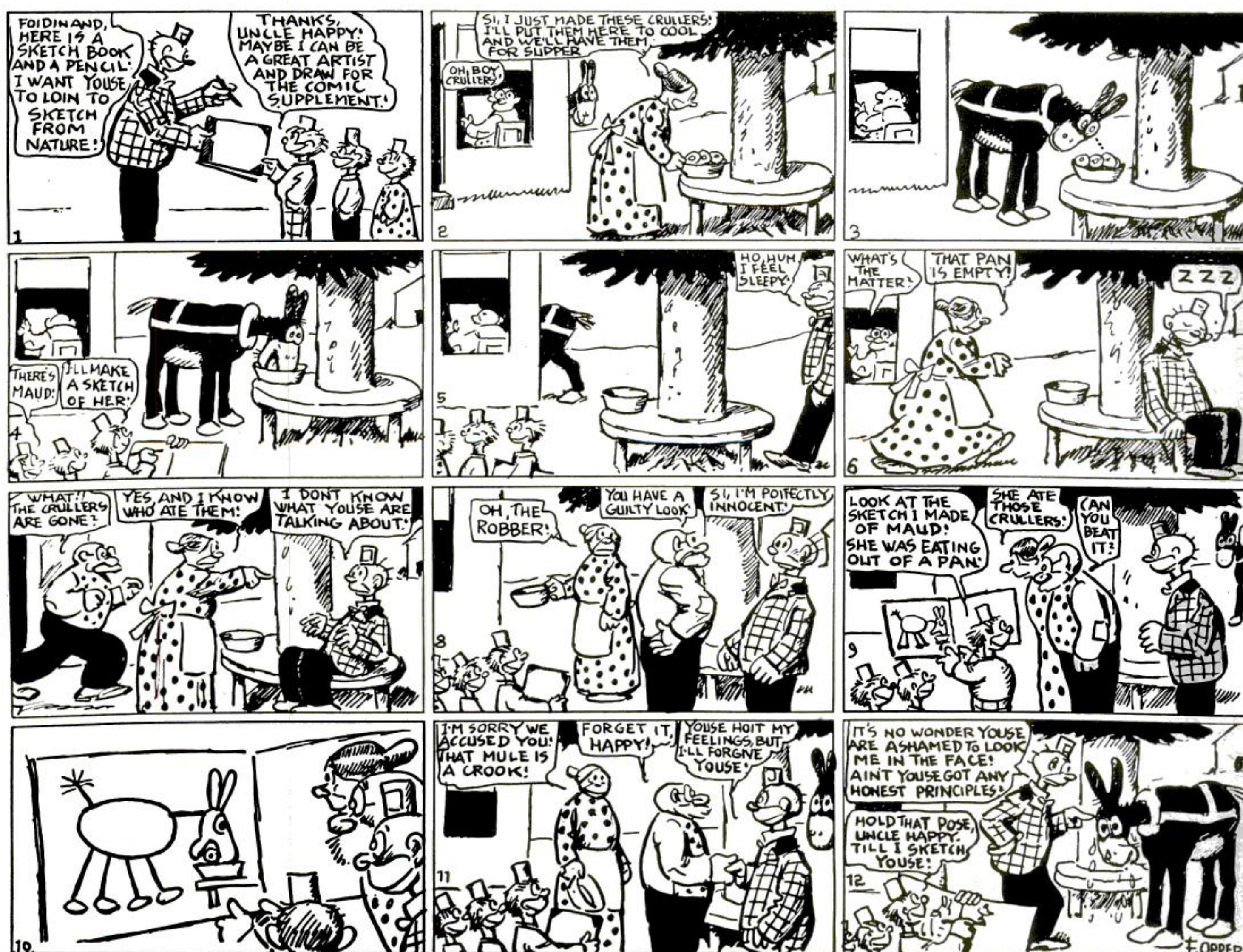
COPYRIGHT WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, SECOND EDITION, 1950

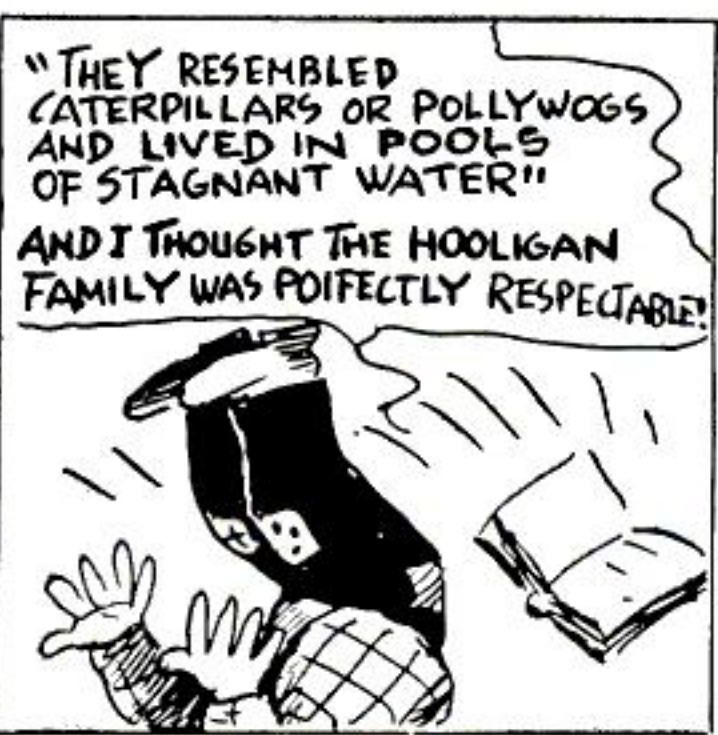
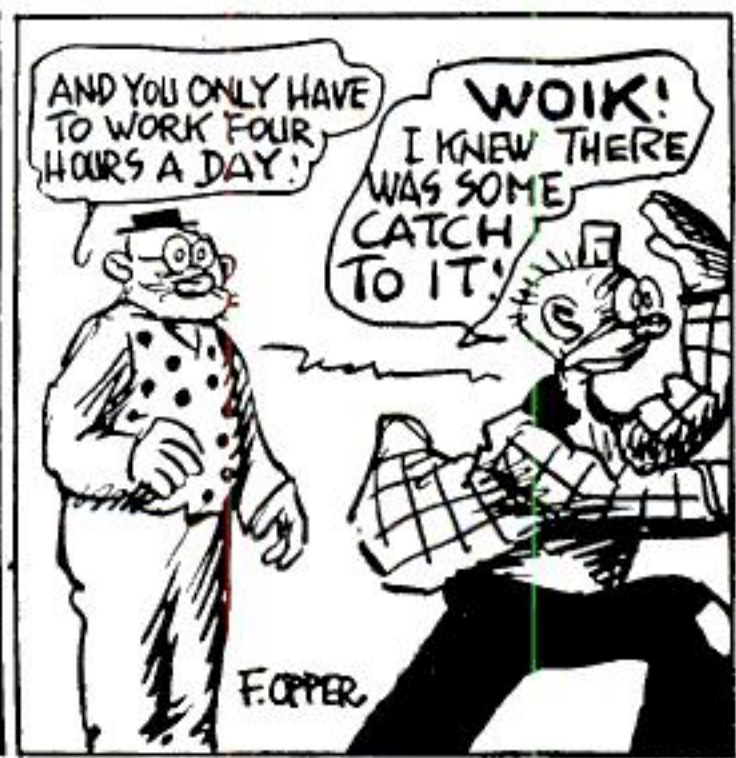
In New York recently a group of placard-bearing demonstrators exercised an old-fashioned democratic prerogative by picketing the building which houses the Russian delegation to the U.N. They were protesting mass arrests in Hungary and the recent imprisonment of Archbishop Joseph Grösz. Their activities, which police described as orderly, so outraged Russia's chief delegate, Yakov A. Malik, that he protested to the U.S. delegation. In his demands for justice and the payment of damages (for some mysterious scratches on two of the Russians' automobiles) Mr. Malik five times referred to the demonstrators as "hooligans." Although Mr. Malik thought he knew what he meant by "hooligan" (see definition, left), to most adult Americans—recalling the comic-strip character shown on these pages—the word meant something quite different.

Hooligan, Happy Hooligan, that is, was the creation of Frederick Burr Oppen, who besides being a comic-strip artist, was one of the most famous political cartoonists of his day. Starting back in 1900, hapless Happy appeared regularly in U.S. newspapers for more than 30 years.

A naive, skinny, baboon-faced tramp who invariably wore a tomato can for a hat (all good oldtime hoboes used tomato cans as cooking utensils), Happy became a national hero, not by making trouble, which Mr. Malik understands is the function of a hooligan, but by getting himself into it. The perpetual butt of misfortune, he was always taking the blame for the wrongs of others (*below*) or getting slugged for his good intentions (*opposite, second from bottom*). Above all he had a spectacular dislike for work, and in this he was the forerunner of such modern-day cartoon loafers as Major Hoople, Jiggs and Moon Mullins. In Happy, Cartoonist Oppen, who also created those painfully polite Parisians, Alphonse and Gaston ("You be saved first, my dear Alphonse") and a devastating mule named Maud (*p. 4*), gave millions of American readers a Hooligan anybody, even Mr. Malik, could love.

Almost immediately after delivering his letter of protest, Mr. Malik left New York on a ship bound for his homeland. Presumably he was in a hurry to get back to Russia, a place where a hooligan is really a hooligan, not Happy.





This One



F3DR-WNS-GB91

give your hair that
"JUST-COMBED" LOOK

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 day
 long



Wonder-working
Viratol*
 does the trick!

Ever hear of VIRATOL?

It's a special new compound which makes hair look and feel natural—and keeps it in place for hours and hours. Only new 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic has it!

Try this completely new hair tonic tomorrow morning. You'll be surprised how that natural, fresh-combed look stays on and on!

New 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic contains Triple-A Lanolin, too . . . homogenized for easy flow. Get a bottle today—you'll be mighty pleased with it!

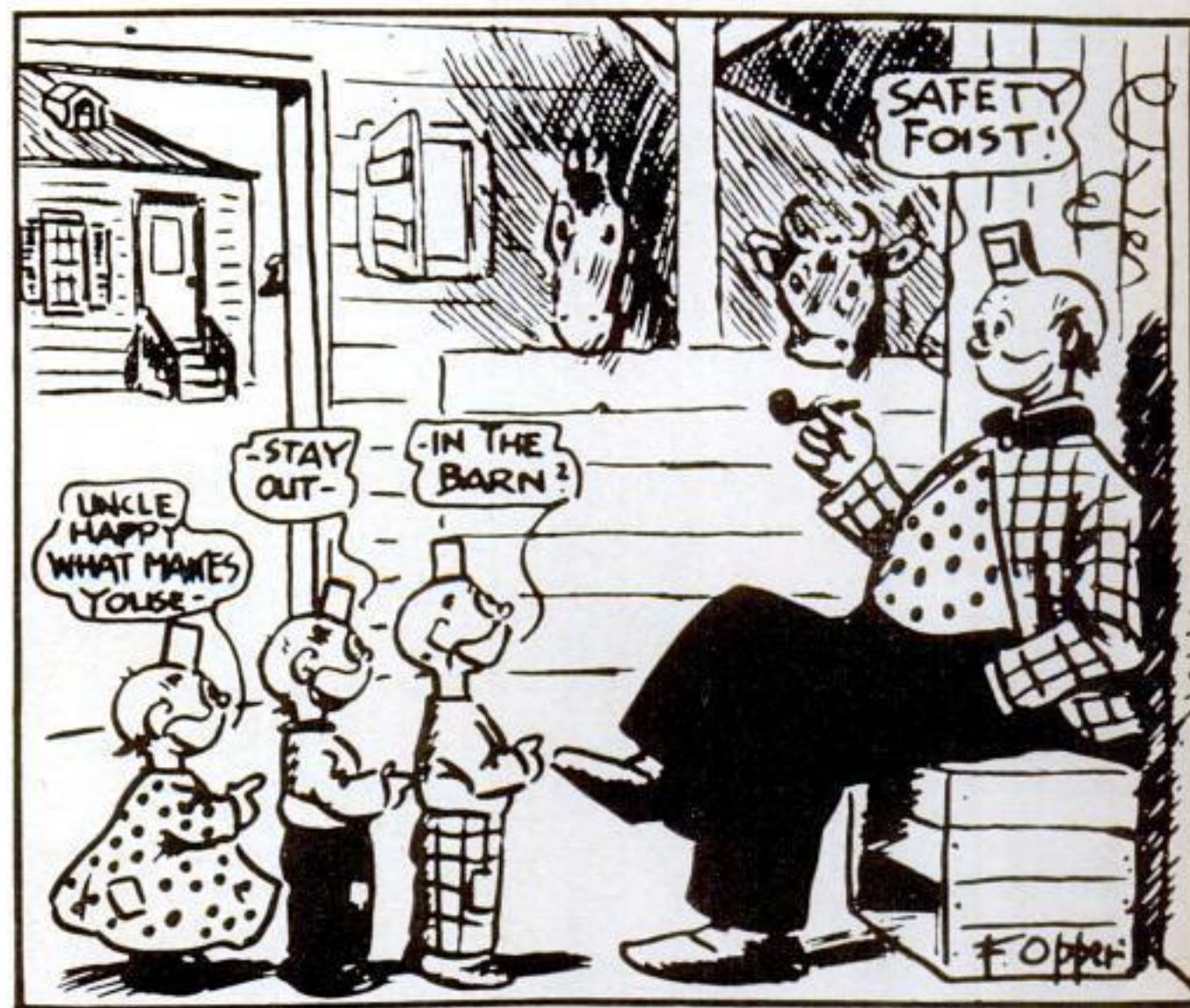


Vaseline ^{NEW}
 TRADE MARK ®
CREAM HAIR TONIC

* A special compound (with lanolin) that helps keep hair in place . . . gives it natural lustre.

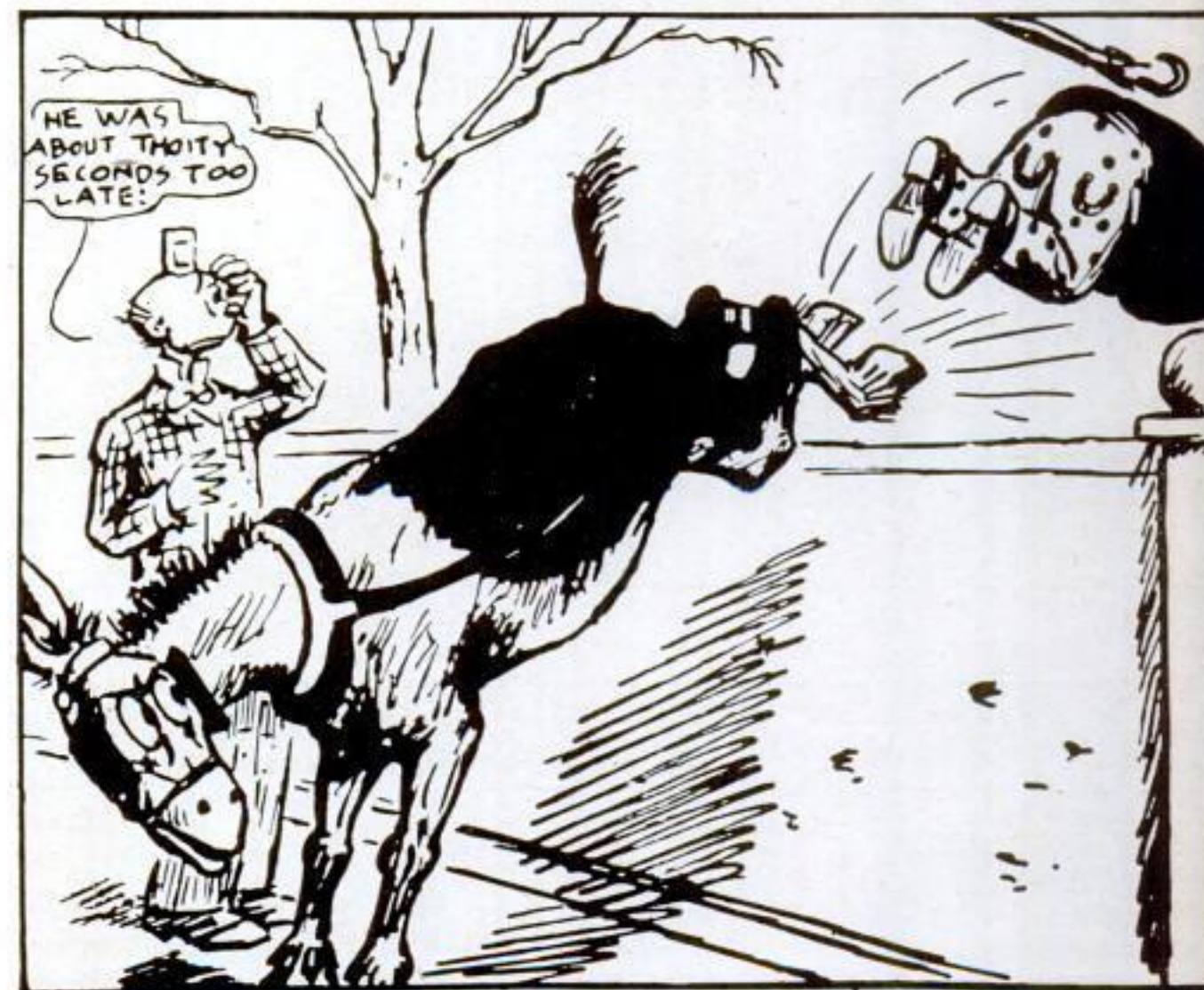
VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

HAPPY HOOLIGAN CONTINUED



A FAMILY OF HOOLIGANS

Happy Hooligan had three scampish nephews (above) who made their speeches in stepping-stone harmony and, like their uncle, dressed in tin can hats. But the most important character in the strip outside of Hooligan himself was Maud the Mule, who said nothing but "Hee Haw," and who, with sly American-type humor, kicked unsuspecting victims, appropriately marked by her shoes, right out of the picture.



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1. **THE MAVERICK QUEEN.** See description above.
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6. **ROGUE RIVER FEUD.** Violence on Rogue River, where men stopped at nothing to win the high stakes of the rich salmon runs.
7. **DESERT GOLD.** Spine-tingling adventures of men and women crazed by the lure of riches.

8. **WEST OF THE PECOS.** Into this land of the lawless came a straight-shooting young man—who turned out to be a girl!
9. **THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS.** Mighty epic of warfare on the border, throbbing with excitement!
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12. **WILD HORSE MESA.** Panquitch, the phantom stallion, was a symbol of adventure. A resolute party sets out to capture him, and runs head-on into a storm of intrigue.
13. **THE VANISHING AMERICAN.** The gripping saga of a young warrior and a frontier girl, that brings back the colorful days of the American Indian.

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Now Ready YOUR FIRST VOLUME THE **Maverick Queen**

One of the latest Zane Grey Westerns

IN THE roaring town of South Pass, men made their own laws with flaming guns. Men gossiped about Kit Bandon, the alluring "Maverick Queen." Was she really the secret leader of that gang of rustlers?

Linc Bradway aimed to find out. One night he saw the *Maverick Queen*, riding like the wind... with a band of vigilantes after her! They were out to LYNCH her! Linc and his pals gave chase. But they were outnumbered ten to one...

Here is the gun-blazing climax to a fast-moving story that is jam-packed with excitement!



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Please reserve in my name the books listed in your generous offer to readers of this magazine—the luxuriously-bound "Golden West De Luxe Editions" of Zane Grey. Send me at once the first book, **THE MAVERICK QUEEN**. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; but within one week I will send you only \$1.89, plus a few cents mailing charge—and I will be entitled to receive each following handsome De Luxe volume as it comes from the press, at the same low price, sending no money in advance. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

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LOU BOUDREAU
Star of the Boston Red Sox

says

**I Always
KNOW
I'm SAFE!**



**"I USE NEW MENNEN
SPRAY DEODORANT FOR MEN!"**

*Checks Odor
and Perspiration
as long as 3 days!*

*Just Squeeze
—IT SPRAYS!*



"The more active a man is," says Lou Boudreau, "the more likely he is to offend others by unpleasant perspiration odor. But I'm always 'safe at home'—thanks to Mennen Spray Deodorant for Men. I like the masculine aroma—and it really protects."

- ★ The spray deodorant that's made especially FOR MEN! ★ Quicker, much easier to apply.
- ★ Dries instantly, won't harm clothes. ★ Contains PERMATEC for longer-lasting protection! ★ You'll like its masculine aroma!



59¢

New ★ P.S. to the ladies—Buy Him His First Bottle!
MENNEN Spray Deodorant FOR MEN!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GRAND JURY

Sirs:

LIFE is to be commended for giving recognition to the unsung heroes—protectors of our democracy on the homefront—"Brooklyn's Marathon Grand Jury" (LIFE, July 9). . . .

ERNEST GARDOS

Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

I was thrilled and moved by your story on the grand jury. As one of the country's apathetics—thinking of government in the most casual and impersonal manner—I hope your article will impress itself on others as it has on me. No one can read it without a desire to find the niche where the individual contribution to our government and welfare can be made.

ANN B. DAVIS

Camp Curry, Calif.

Sirs:

You made a slight error when you stated Judge Leibowitz "... never lost a client to the electric chair. . . ." In defending Salvatore Gatti in 1937 Leibowitz lost his first and only client to the electric chair. This was after saving 139 people from execution.

In all fairness to Leibowitz it must be stated that he would never have taken the case if Gatti had told him the true facts before the case came to trial. As it was, Leibowitz asked the Court's permission to be excused from the defense after he learned Gatti was unquestionably guilty. The Court refused permission and Leibowitz defended him with all the vigor he would have defended any of his other clients.

TOBY E. MARCOVICH

Superior, Wis.

QUEEN FOR A DAY

Sirs:

Could'st thou possibly show actress Ann Wrigg's version of Lady Godiva ("Queen for a Day," LIFE, July 9) from Peeping Tom's point of view?

MARTIN BUCCO

Las Vegas, N.Mex.



PEEPING TOM'S VIEW

UNIVERSAL SALES TAX

Sirs:

Your editorial ("Ninety Billion Dollars a Year," LIFE, July 9) is misleading.

We have urged a current tax increase of about \$5 billion on the assumption that some \$7 billion of less essential expenditures could be cut out. We have detailed the areas in which these cuts could be made without seriously impairing any essential services.

As to the future, our present policy for paying as we go should be continued. However, we take the position

that any subsequent increases in expenditures must be weighed with increasingly rigid scrutiny because we have come very close to the maximum limit of taxation.

D. A. HULCY
President

Chamber of Commerce of the U.S.
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I was shocked at your blatant support of a universal sales tax. Taxing the poor at the same rate as the rich takes a higher proportion of the income of the poor than the rich. . . .

CARL E. OCKERT

Monrovia, Calif.

Sirs:

. . . The pages of history are strewn with the bones of nations that taxed themselves out of existence. William Pitt worked out the system of taxing the mute and unresisting future. Our country is giving Pitt's idea the full and complete treatment. . . .

N. B. RANSY

Kingsburg, Calif.

THE COWBOY

Sirs:

C. H. Long was once my idea of a real man, but now that he's hooked ("The Cowboy" Is Roped and Branded at Last," LIFE, July 9) he has lost my respect.

W. C. FALKENBERG

Oak Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Is C. H. going to stick to "cowboy-ing" in Texas, or is he going to take up some new profession?

DIANA ATWOOD

Chicago, Ill.

● Cowboy Long has no intention of leaving his chosen profession, but he will now commute to the range in a jeep.—ED.

CHARLOTTE BELLES

Sirs:

LIFE has had many covers adorned by beautiful belles, but never has so much pulchritude been massed in devastating array as on the July 9 cover.

DICK WOOD

Denison, Texas

Sirs:

Your pictorial rebuttal on behalf of the belles of Charlotte, N.C. ("Raleigh

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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needs more
than love...



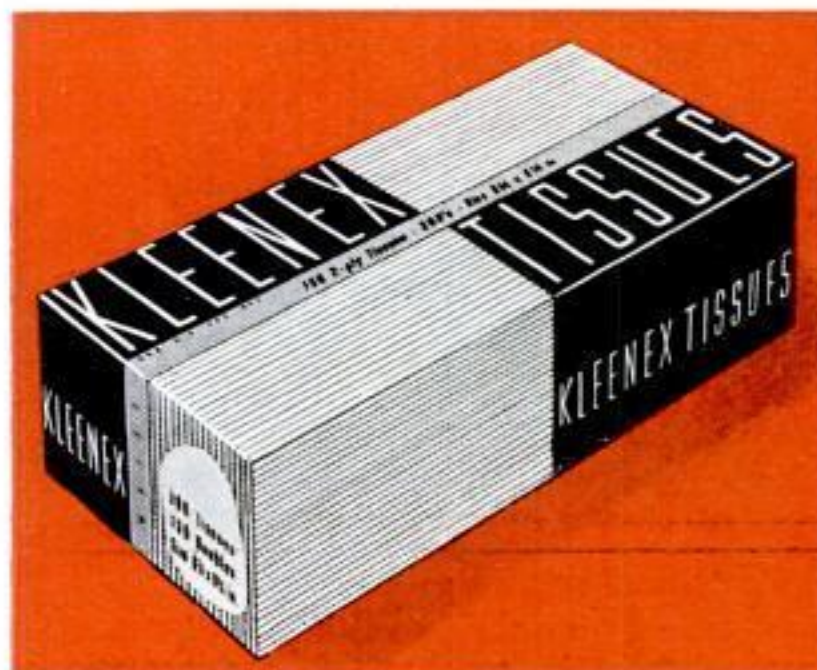
**YOUR
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**...everything you need
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A BABY IN THE HOUSE means new problems, new needs. You'll find the answer to them on the well-filled shelves of your drug store, with its complete supply of everything for baby's care and mother's convenience.

Your drug store is the dependable, professional source of vital needs, not only for baby, but for all the family. And with every purchase you get "prescription care"—an extra value no other store gives you.

Look for this sign
at your drug store—



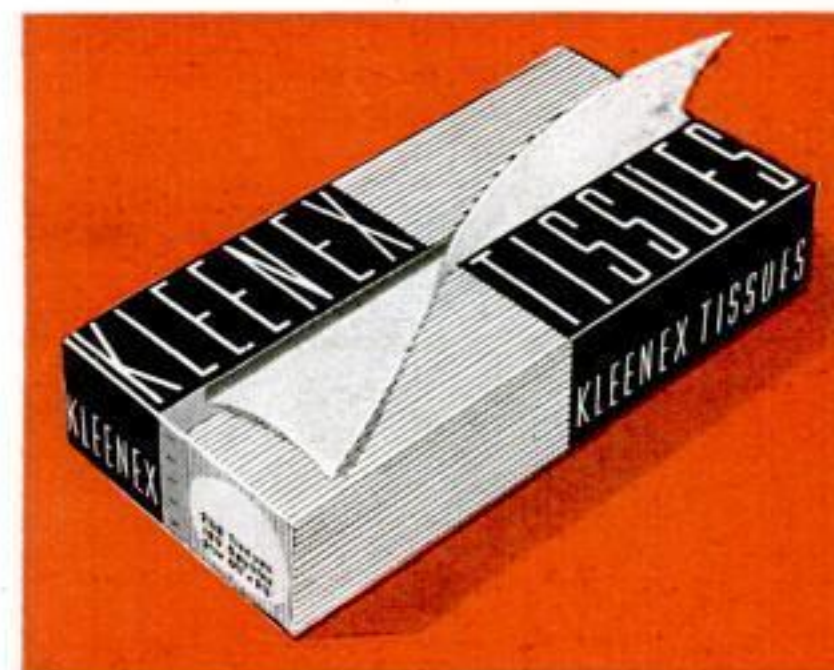
KLEENEX TISSUES give extra convenience in the large package—300 tissues in the exclusive Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue box. End waste, save money—pull one tissue at a time—not a handful. Each one pops up automatically—always ready for use.



KLEENEX Pocket-Pack TISSUES with the same wonderful Kleenex quality... the same convenient size... in a handy pocket package that serves you one at a time. Always carry Kleenex Pocket-Pack Tissues. 24 Sheets (12 Pulls) 5¢.



KLEENEX EYEGLASS TISSUES are treated with silicone on both sides. Rub your glasses, and the dust, dirt and smears disappear... leaving a protective coating of silicone on the lens. No waste... just pull one, up pops another, ready to use.



KLEENEX TISSUES—Only Kleenex gives you the quality you love in the Serv-a-Tissue Box! 200 extra soft, strong absorbent tissues... made by special Kleenex process. Sturdy enough for household chores... saves on your laundry bills, too!

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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



To save baby's neck, should you—

- ☐ Pad the bathtub
- ☐ Buy a fur-lined bib
- ☐ Sandpaper his shoes

Make tiny tykes' shoes skid-proof! Sandpaper the soles. And keep soft, moisture-lovin' Kleenex handy around baby. Super for bibs, applying baby oil, patting on powder; saves his delicate skin, saves laundering chores. Only Kleenex tissues give you that handy Serv-a-Tissue box.



What helps keep cake from drying out?

- ☐ An apple
- ☐ The refrigerator
- ☐ Leave it to the kids

You can eat your cake and keep it—fresh. Put an apple in the cake tin. And "save" that apple-cheeked complexion, with soft, strong Kleenex to wheedle weary makeup away. It's a pure tissue; perfectly uniform. That's why you won't find any weak spots or hard particles in Kleenex.



Which adds life to records?

- ☐ A jam session
- ☐ The dictionary

If warped, place records on flat surface in warm room; cover completely with heavy books. Then slick the platters clean with Kleenex. Extra soft! Prevents scratches. And test after test proves Kleenex tissues free from lint. (So you know they won't aggravate sore noses, during colds.)



To "save" salad bowls, avoid—

- ☐ Soaking
- ☐ Termites

Wooden salad bowls "wooden" warp, if you'd avoid soaking them. Dunk quickly in cool water; dry with Kleenex and stash in a dark place. You can't beat Kleenex for K.P. duty. Guzzles grease! Thanks to a special process, this tissue has the "just right" combination of softness and brawn.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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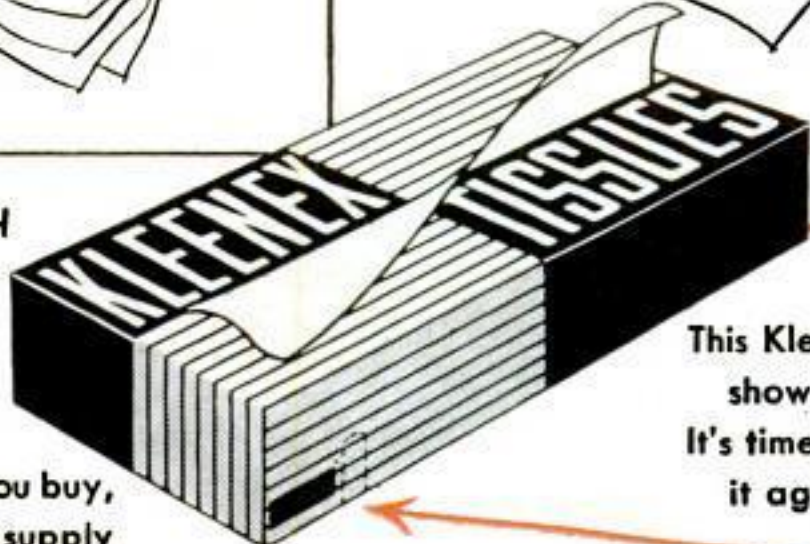
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



This Kleenex "window" shows you when it's time to order it again.

Get several boxes when you buy. You'll always have a good supply

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

Papers Please Copy," LIFE, July 9) left me colder than the War between the States. If you can't muster a less lack-luster platoon of ever lovin' Confederates than that, let's leave the debate down South.

JUAN OTHESDAZ

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

The coming-out party staged for Southern belles at Charlotte, N.C. may have been expensive, but do you suppose it compares at all with the excitement (and expense) of these five Mescalero Apache maidens (and feasting for 1,000 gay guests)?

MRS. RUTH L. ANGE

Belen, N.Mex.



APACHE DEBUTANTES

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

Sirs:

... When Custer left Fort Lincoln ("It Was Only 75 Years Ago," LIFE, July 9) the Indian Department notified him that only about 800 hostile warriors were missing from their reservations. So Custer, even allowing for up to 1,500 Indians, did not think this too many for his 600 cavalymen to attack and defeat. ...

You admonish Custer for not coming to Reno's support. Custer tried something more aggressive, namely getting into the Indian camp while Reno held the Indians' attention. This would have relieved Reno, but Reno wavered in his attack and then led a poor retreat across the most unforgivable part of the Little Bighorn. This gave the Indians the taste of victory and at the same time freed them to deal with Custer before he could attack the village. ...

KEITH CASTELLUCCIO

Richmond, Ind.

Sirs:

It seems unfortunate for you to perpetuate the belief that Custer's troops were "massacred" in your otherwise objective comments on the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

Custer was unquestionably inept in his leadership at this battle—but his troops were at war; they knowingly penetrated an enemy position, and they were wiped out by a superior force of Indians. Had conditions been reversed, Custer would have killed Indians as relentlessly. The Battle of the Little Bighorn was an overwhelming defeat for the Custer troop in open battle. It was no massacre.

WILLARD W. BEATTY

Chief, Branch of Education

U. S. Department of the Interior
Bureau of Indian Affairs
Washington, D.C.

PEACE MOVE

Sirs:

Shame on LIFE! Skin Fork, the home of Private Kenneth Shadrick, the first U.S. soldier to lose his life in the Korean war, is in West Virginia, not Tennessee ("A Peace Move Gets a Reply," LIFE, July 9).

JOHN SAKLEY

Elsmore, Del.

● LIFE's apologies to the citizens of Skin Fork, W.Va.—ED.

Address all editorial and advertising correspondence to: LIFE, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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TO **LIFE**

CONTEST FOR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS

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NEW YORK 46, NEW YORK

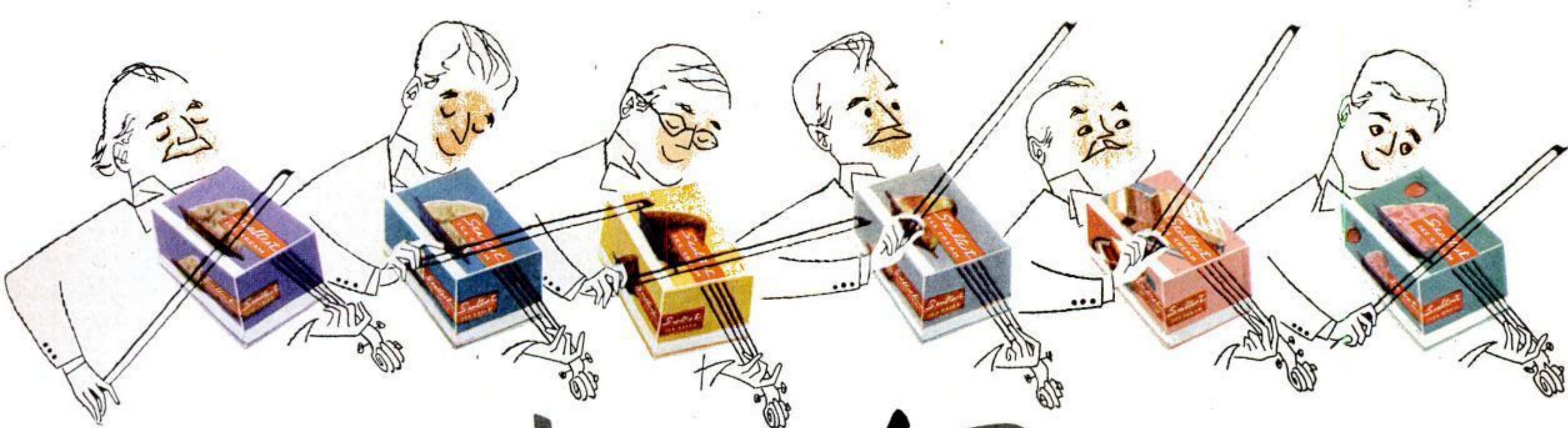
Sirs:

I understand that to enter LIFE's Contest I must be 30 years of age or under through Dec. 31, 1951, be a resident of the U.S., its territories or possessions or a member of the U.S. Armed Forces on active duty. I have had at least one of my photographs published and will submit evidence of this with my completed entry. Please send me an entry blank and complete rules.

Name.....

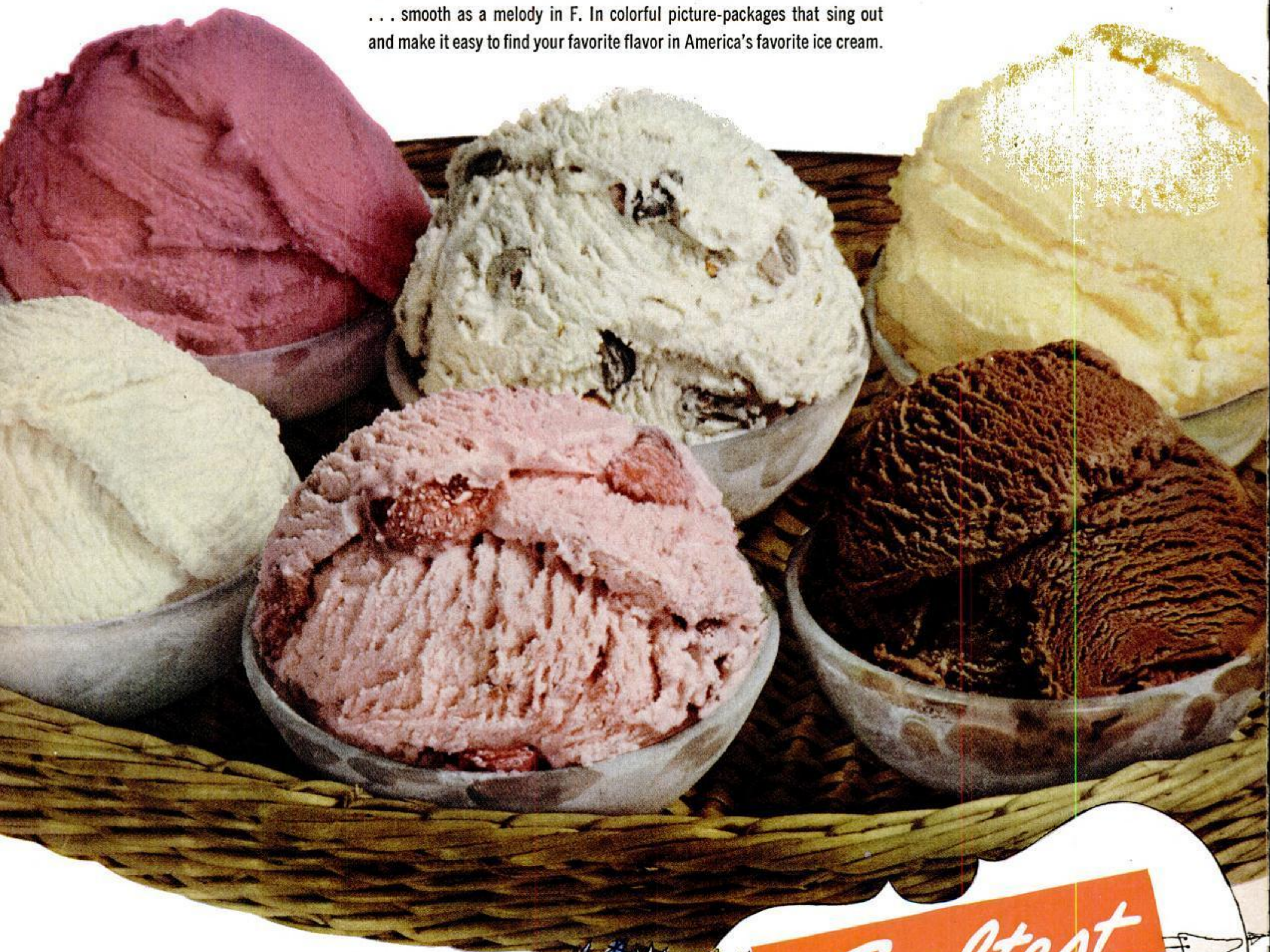
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100 CASH PRIZES TOTALING \$15,000



Symphony of Flavors

Mm-m-m-m! Here's harmony to make your heart sing . . . your favorite flavors, in ice cream, sherbets and ices . . . each magnificently blended by SEALTEST to cool and delight you. They're pure, rich, and flavorful . . . smooth as a melody in F. In colorful picture-packages that sing out and make it easy to find your favorite flavor in America's favorite ice cream.



Lift your spirits . . . make light of the heat . . . take home an assortment of SEALTEST Ice Cream, Ice and Sherbet. Buy the best . . . buy SEALTEST.



Sealtest
ICE CREAM
ICES AND SHERBETS

WHY THE SECOND SPOON?

That's what we asked the man who took the picture. Turns out he got the idea from his small son, a two-fisted youngster who invented this double-barrel approach just because he liked his Rice Krispies so much.

You may not approve his method, but you will sure share his enthusiasm. When you pour milk or cream on your KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES, this "talking cereal" has a cute little way of telling you just how crisp and good it is. It goes "Snap! Crackle! Pop!"

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Lots of energy generators, plus the natural rice values of thiamine (B₁), niacin and iron.

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LIFE'S COVER

The young man on LIFE's cover may in time turn out to be the most profitable subdivision of the fabulous Bing Crosby Enterprises, Inc. At 18, Bing's son Gary already has scored a national success on the radio and on records. He has the nonchalant charm of the old "Groaner," and muscles, too. Recently he starred in an amateur stage show which preceded the graduation ceremonies at Bellarmine prep school, where he has been a star football player (pp. 37-40). Said one girl in the audience, admiring his bulldozer physique (height 5 feet 10, weight 180), "He can't sing as good as Bing. But wow!"

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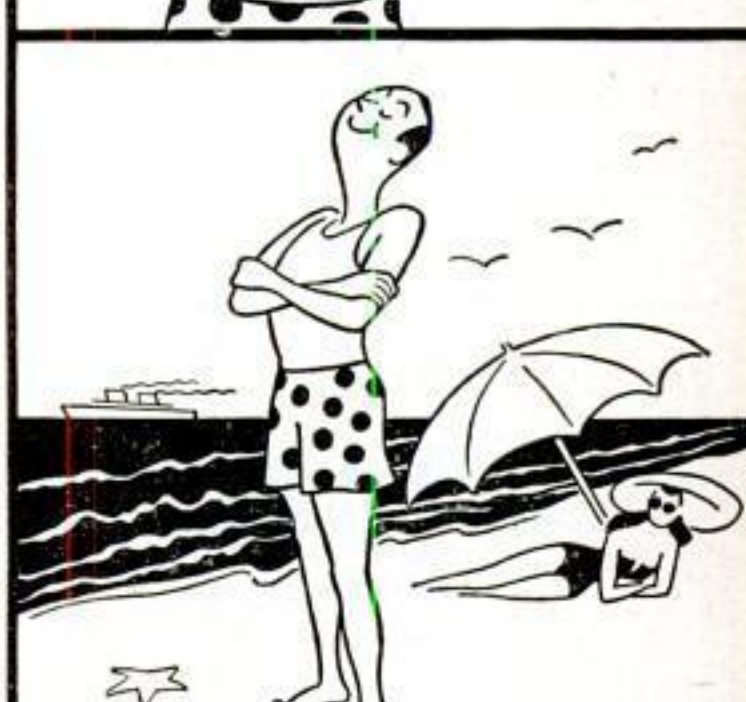
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THE PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT SHEET VALUES?

***IF** today, you must count every penny twice
before you spend it*

***IF** you want to be sure you get your money's
worth when you buy sheets*

READ THIS FRANK STATEMENT BY PEPPERELL, A LEADING MAKER OF ALL STANDARD GRADES OF SHEETS

Today, there are three standard grades of sheets that you can buy almost everywhere in this country. Pepperell, one of the country's leading sheet manufacturers, is convinced that it can help you shop more intelligently if you know the differences among the three grades of sheets. For easy identification, each grade is named for the number of threads which it has to the square inch. The three grades may be listed this way:

1. The 128-Count Sheet.

This is a muslin sheet with 128 threads to the square inch, the least expensive good sheet you can buy.

2. The 140-Count Sheet.

This is a muslin sheet with 140 threads to the square inch, and it is priced slightly higher than the 128-thread count sheet.

3. The 180-Count Sheet.

This is a combed percale sheet with 180 threads to the square inch, and it is priced somewhat higher than the best grade of muslin.

Pepperell makes all *three* grades and obviously has no axe to grind in suggesting that you buy one or the other of them. However, we at Pepperell feel we can be of real service by pointing out from our own experience, based on extensive laboratory tests, that in our opinion one of these grades represents the



best buy on the market today. This grade is the 140-count muslin sheet.

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length of wear, *this* sheet will give the greatest long-term value.

Remember, neither price nor thread-count *alone* determines the value of a sheet. The *strength* of the thread used is as important as the number of threads to the square inch in evaluating the sturdiness of a sheet. You get the perfect combination of *strength* of thread and *number* of threads in the 140-count Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslin Sheet.

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But, if you want the *most* for your money, Pepperell strongly recommends the Lady Pepperell Superfine Muslin (140-count) Sheet. It's not the most expensive sheet you can buy, nor does it have the highest thread count, but in our honest opinion, it's your *best* buy.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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SAVE THIS STATEMENT

Take it with you when you shop for sheets. This explanation of why strength of thread is as important as the number of threads in a sheet will help you choose the type that's best for you.



MUD AND WRECKAGE ARE PILED IN FRONT OF STORES ALONG DESOLATE MAIN STREET OF NORTH TOPEKA, KAN., AFTER KAW RIVER WATERS HAVE RECEDED

RUIN ROLLS DOWN THE WIDE MISSOURI

Last week the great flood poured a wave of disaster down the wide Missouri. The rank, swirling waters, fed by all the rivers of Kansas, swept through the twin Kansas Cities (LIFE, July 23) and across the fertile Missouri farmlands toward St. Louis. Traveling with awesome majesty at about 35 miles a day, it surged forward, in places five miles wide, into Lexington, Jefferson City and on down to St. Charles, near the Missouri's junction with the already flooding

Mississippi. All along its stricken path it lapped inexorably higher, topping or crumbling levees sometimes 25 feet high, inundating farms, shops and homes and cutting off power facilities and bridges. Ahead of the crest thousands worked desperately to thwart the foul, mud-laden tide. The flood's toll was staggering—41 lives lost, 165,000 persons left homeless, two million acres of farmland under water. Property losses came to more than \$1 billion, making it the worst

natural catastrophe in the history of the U.S. As the flood waters in the stricken areas of Kansas and western Missouri began to recede, weary citizens returned to the desolate shambles of towns like North Topeka, Kan. (above) to begin the grim task of cleaning up. For many, it would be a hopeless job. Said one Kansan, looking at the muck-strewn wreckage of his business, "I'm just going to throw the whole works in the river and start all over again."

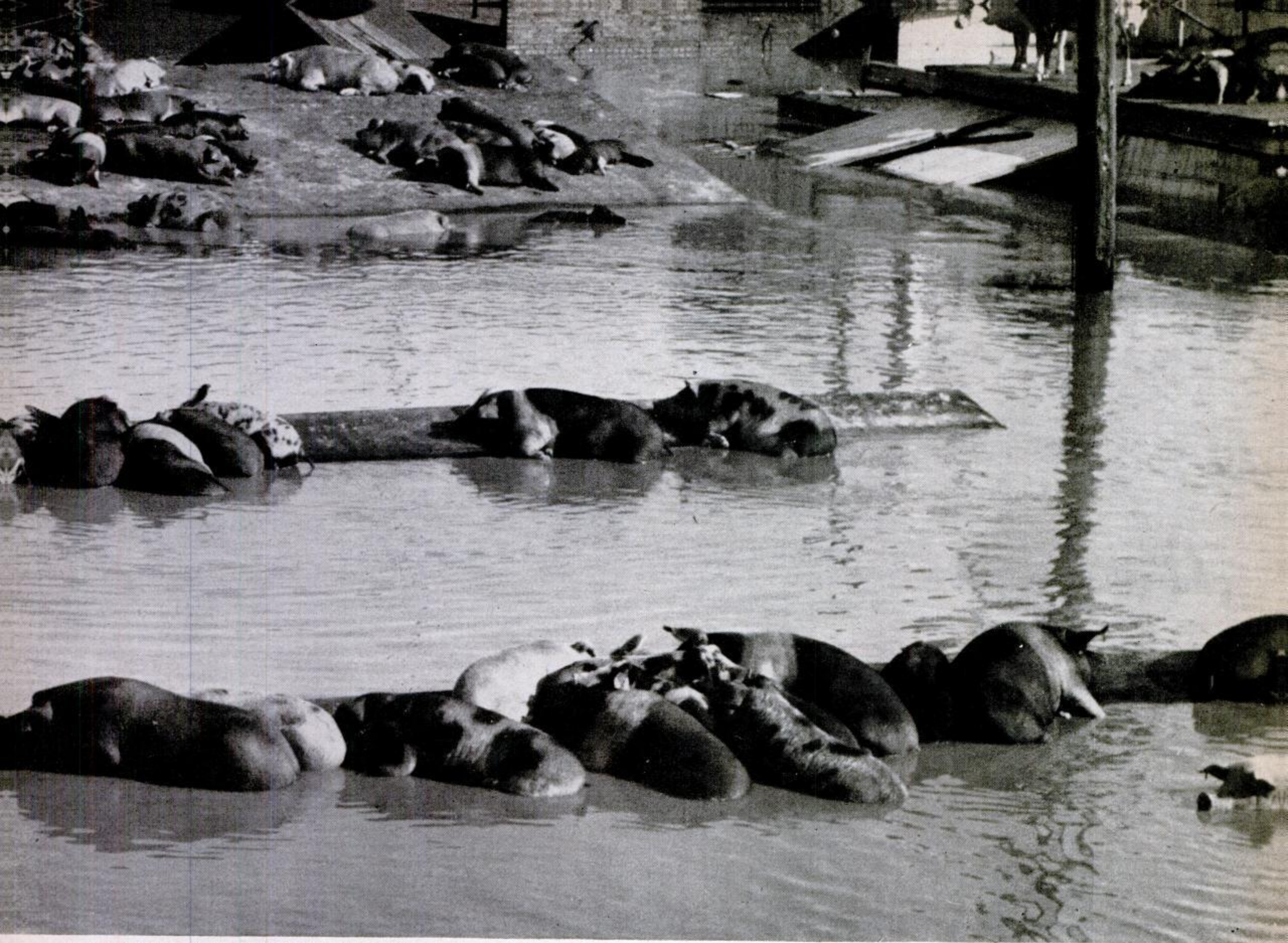


MAROONED HOGS in a Kansas City stockyard are nearly awash as they perch on the roofs of their sheds after the rampaging waters poured over 22-foot levees



EVACUATING HOME before flood crest arrives (*right*) are the Davis family of West Alton, Mo., who moved belongings to neighbor's house on higher ground.

← **PLANE CARRIES THE PRESIDENT** OVER FLOODED AREA NEAR KANSAS CITY



that protect the central industrial district. Most of the animals shown above eventually slipped off the roofs and drowned or starved before they could be rescued.



EVACUATED HOME belonging to Davises is surrounded by six feet of water after West Alton levees broke. The family saved all furnishings, including TV set.

WEST ALTON POSTMAN SORTS LETTERS AFTER FINISHING FLOODED ROUTE →

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Floods CONTINUED



HEARTSICK HOUSEWIFE, Mrs. John Fidler, sorts damaged clothing. Her belongings ruined, she came closest to tears over pet canary's death.



FLATTENED STALKS are all that remain of this soybean crop near North Topeka. These farmers optimistically intend to plow up their land and put in a wheat crop.

THE WATERS DEPOSIT COATING OF DESPAIR

The mud was everywhere in North Topeka. The Kaw River, moving in a treacherous 10-foot tide through the town (pop. 10,925), had spread it like a slimy mantle over the streets and into almost every store and home. Under the mud the ruin was worse. The business district

was wrecked, houses were smashed (*opposite*) or carried away and most of the dwellings which remained intact were filled with waterlogged and useless furniture. The dazed and despairing townspeople, trying to salvage what they could from the remains, had little to hope for.



GROCERY STORE has had all the goods swept off the shelves and wreckage of store furnishings pushed into the center of the room by the force of the waters. No

buildings for a distance of two miles along North Topeka's main street escaped severe damage, and the ravaged community's property losses totaled \$25,000,000.



SHELL OF A HOUSE, one entire end of which has been ripped away by the flood, stands in the residential district of North Topeka, caught the full force of

Kaw River. When LIFE Photographer Francis Miller took this picture, owners had not yet returned and the wreckage was being guarded by a sorrowful friend.

REMEMBER IRAN!

IF ITS LESSONS ARE HEEDED, WE WILL DO BETTER ELSEWHERE

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Another servant of reason and friend of the West has been assassinated in the Middle East. King Abdullah of Jordan, shot down last week in Old Jerusalem (p. 26), has gone the way of Premier Ali Razmara of Iran (March 7) and ex-Premier Riad es-Solh of Lebanon (July 16). To the complexities of life and policy in the Middle East which are noted in the adjoining columns, there is thus added the element of murder—planned murder. It is all too evident that any Arab official who tries to see his country whole or lets himself be known as a friend of Western powers is likely to be killed at any time.

Now there is a super-complexity for our State Department to mull over. What to do about this one? We do not know. But this we do know—the Arab groups which have taken nationalism to the point of murder would not be as strong as they are today if our Government had been doing its proper job in the Middle East two years or even a year ago. They are the by-products of disordered societies and weak governments—true. The U.S. with all its resources could not have made over the Middle East in a year or two—true. But the social disorders could have been lessened, and friendly governments could have been made stronger, if the U.S. had been doing in time what the Administration now proposes to do.

Last week, when the fat was popping in the fire, Administration spokesmen begged Congress for funds with which to support America's friends and put up some real opposition to America's enemies in that part of the world. This was all very well, better late than never. But on the past record how can Congress and the American public have much confidence in the actual use of the funds and management of the effort? About all to be hoped for now, we suppose, is that there is indeed a real awakening in Washington. Perhaps those who have failed in the past will make all the greater effort to improve their performance in the future. If that is the purpose, Congress and the public should give them the benefit of the doubt and get behind the current effort to make some sense in the Middle East.

Things continue to go from bad to worse in Iran. At this writing the prospects of saving Iran from itself and of saving Iran's oil for Western use are as black as the oil in question. President Truman's roving fixer, Averell Harriman, has persuaded Iranian officials to say they will talk matters over again with the British. But the Iranians have come to hate Britain so thoroughly that they would rather leave their oil in the earth and let their country go to ruin than restore British control of the Iranian oil industry. The British refuse to produce and process the oil unless they are free to run the industry which they founded, built up and owned until the Iranians nationalized the whole business last March.

There the issue stands, deadlocked between two positions which are equally "right" in principle and wrong in practice. And there too, in massive confidence on the borders of Iran, stands the Soviet Union, ready to move in and pick up the pieces when the disaster is complete.

What can the U.S. Government do about it now? Not much, at this stage, beyond the mediation Mr. Harriman has been trying to accomplish. But the American people can do something—not, unfortunately, to repair the damage already done in Iran, but to guard against the same sort of damage being done elsewhere. The American people can fix clearly in their minds, and never forget, the shocking failure of their Government to move and act in Iran when there were many chances to do a great deal. If there is a certainty in this era of uncertainties, it is that in 1949 and 1950 the U.S. Government could have prevented disaster in Iran and achieved a great triumph of enlightened leadership.

First of all, the U.S. Government could have made a serious effort to arouse the British Government to a fresh sense of its responsibilities in Iran. Instead the State Department succumbed to the insane pretense that the British Government was not responsible for British oil policy in Iran—it was just a business matter between the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. and the Iranian Government! The simple fact was and is, of course, that the British Government is the principal owner of the oil company. To hold, as the State Department did hold, that anyhow the U.S. Government could not be telling the sovereign British Government how to act was to make nonsense of all that Secretary Acheson is so fond of saying on other occasions about the mutual rights and responsibilities of allies.

The U.S. Government also had the opportunity to do some concrete and useful things on its own. The young Shah, a firm friend of the U.S., was eager to cooperate. So, in the very last months when something might have been done, was America's most active friend in Iran, Premier Ali Razmara. Now the Shah is helpless and Razmara is gone, assassinated by an Iranian nationalist.

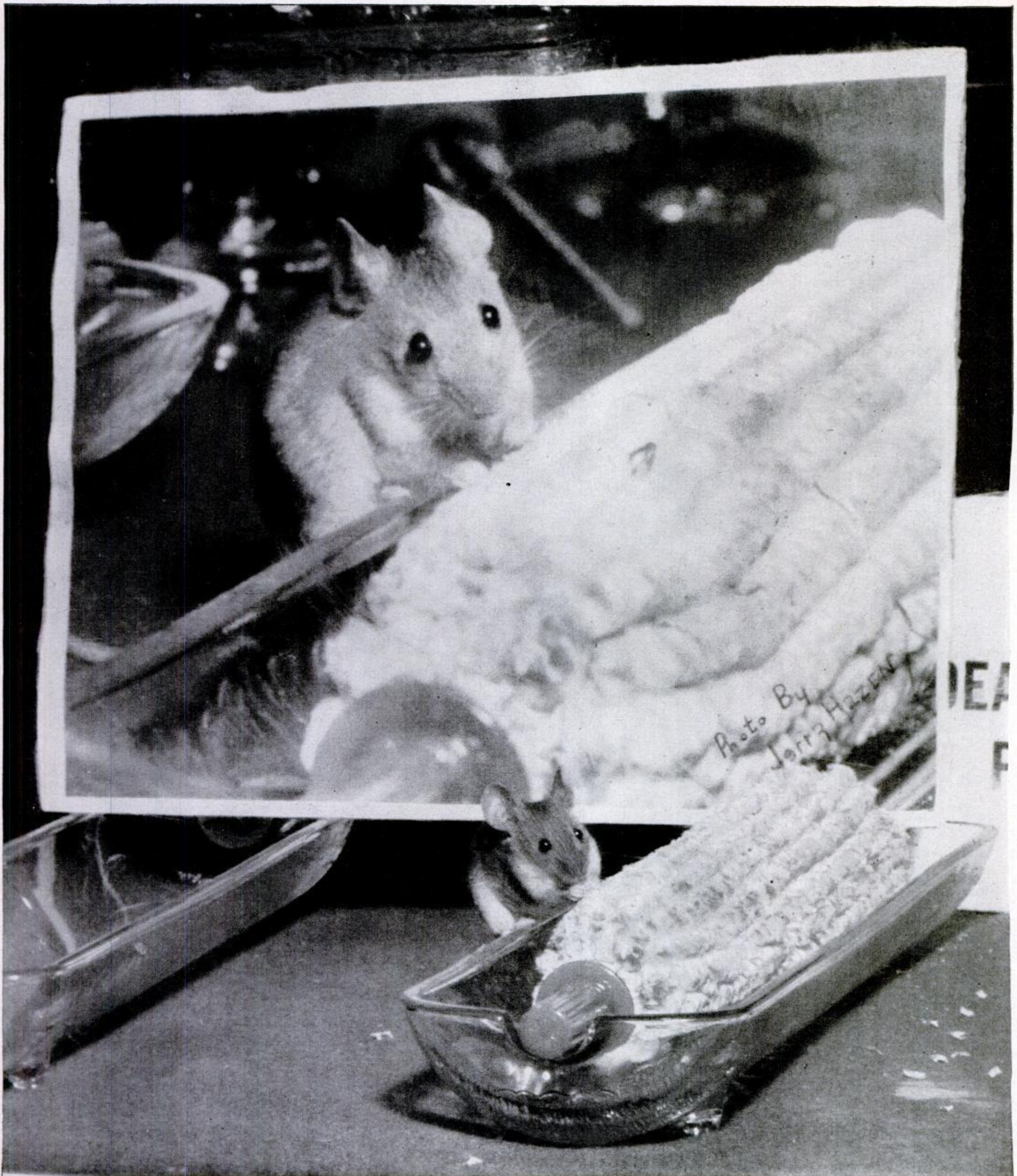
If ever there was a place for a modest, well-thought-out program of economic and technical help, it was in Iran. Ambassador John

C. Wiley, who went to Teheran in 1948, and Ambassador Henry Grady, who succeeded him in June of 1950, were in turn led to believe that just such a program was coming up, and they rightly led the Iranians to expect help. About all they and the Iranians got from Washington was neglect. A small military-aid program was started and various loans and grants were discussed. But the State Department simply did not bother to push them or to work them into a sensible whole. At the eleventh hour, in late 1950, Ambassador Grady dashed home in a despairing effort to press through at least one item—a \$25 million loan which had been allowed to stall on technicalities. It finally went through, so late that the Iranians no longer wanted it.

Nevertheless a brilliant plan for the salvation of Iran had been worked out—by Overseas Consultants, Inc., a private outfit of American specialists in the employ of the Iranian Government. Given a modicum of British cooperation and U.S. support, the plan might have been Iran's economic Magna Carta and a model of Western effort in other "backward" countries. It got no support from either the British or U.S. Governments, and to the lasting shame of both it is a dead dream today. Last March the chief architect of this great plan, Oilman Max Thornburg, was actually "encouraged"—meaning asked—to leave Iran by his own State Department, acting at the behest of the British Government. The disgraceful ground for this disgraceful finale was the assertion that Max Thornburg was a disturbing influence in Iran. If the several lackwits who dozed in Washington while Iran went down the drain had done one tenth of what this disturber of official peace tried to get done, the U.S. would not be despised as it is in Iran today. And the Soviet Communists would not be waiting in quiet triumph for the prize that has so nearly been given to them by default.

Secretary of State Acheson and his fellows in failure are welcome to take what comfort they can from the thought that the U.S. problem in Iran is very complex and very difficult. Of course it is complex and difficult—in Iran, in the rest of the erupting Middle East, in great areas of Asia and Africa where the fevers of human want and national aspiration are rising. With the best will, the most intelligent policy and the strongest action possible, there can be no absolute certainty of success in any of these places. But there is one absolute certainty. It is certain that Communism is going to win and freedom is going to lose in these places if the U.S. does no better from now on than it has done in Iran.

Thinking of it this way, any American in his senses is bound to perceive that the U.S. should have done better in Iran and must do better elsewhere. If enough Americans determine to make their country's best good enough for the problems and necessities that confront the U.S. and its allies in so much of the world, there need be no more Irans.



THE MOUSE WHO CAME TO DINNER TWICE

Through the display window of a Baton Rouge gift shop one night last week, Photographer Jerry Hazen snapped a picture of a hungry mouse nibbling on an ear of corn amid an exhibit of dining accessories. Next day Hazen sold an enlargement of the late-lunching mouse to the shopkeeper, who promptly placed it in the window behind the well-gnawed ear. Reporter Edward Clinton

suggested Hazen submit the photo to LIFE. On a hunch the photographer made a second nighttime visit to the shop, then sent in not a picture of a mouse nibbling an ear of corn in the gift shop window, but a picture of a mouse nibbling an ear of corn in front of a picture of a mouse nibbling an ear of corn (*above*). For storekeeper, mouse and Hazen the next step seemed inevitable.

PUBLIC APPEARANCES TAKE UP TIME;
ON WEEKEND, SENATOR HUMPHREY
FISHES ON TV WITH FAYE EMERSON



CONGRESS FRITTERS ITSELF OUT OF A VACATION

In the divided, leaderless, undisciplined 82nd, it takes a mighty long time to get a little done

The frantic flurry in the Capitol last Friday night showed all too well the fix that Congress had got into. Faced with a rapidly expiring Defense Production Act, the members of the House were forced to jam their theories into 30-second speeches. Faced with final votes, they vacillated from one stand to another, across party lines. Somehow, by 1:10 Saturday morning, they had managed to thrash out a last-minute version of the act which could now become a law.

For the 82nd Congress this was indeed an achievement. It was the fourth piece of major legislation passed in seven months. It had long since abandoned a summer recess and, at a time when the world was watching its every action, was well on its way to becoming the most ineffectual Congress in the nation's history. Now variously referred to as the "Do-Little," "Do-Nothing," "Horse-Meat" and "Investigating" Congress, it had started off with a bang—on its

first day 1,023 bills were dropped in the House hopper for action. By the end of February it had passed only two. To date 6,697 public bills have been introduced, and it has passed 78. Three of these, Selective Service, Grain for India and the Reciprocal Trade Agreement are, to be sure, major legislative steps. But equally vital bills still founder on the dockets; Congress must still consider the \$10 billion tax law, the \$8.5 billion appropriation for foreign aid and 12 appropriation bills to keep the government in operation and pay its two-million-odd employees. Now, because Congress let the latter expire July 1, the government is operating on a hand-to-mouth basis financed by an emergency extension.

Congressmen of the 82nd have worked hard but often ineffectually, spending too much time on their countless investigations (troops to Europe, MacArthur's recall), not enough on essential legislation. Even more important, they

have been lacking in leadership. In the House, which has a technical Democratic majority, 115 Dixiecrats often side with 165 regular Republicans against the Administration. In the Senate even Majority Leader McFarland and Majority Whip Lyndon Johnson at times vote against Administration policy. This has caused the tremendous logjam of legislative work.

At the hands of this Democratic Congress, the President's program has fared badly. Of his original 47 requests for legislation, only nine have come through and these in battered form. His Fair Deal platform has been soft-pedaled and, as his prestige diminishes, he can only look for more trouble from Dixiecrats, growing more defiant, and Republicans, growing more aggressive. Meanwhile, with no clear way ahead, the 82nd goes on investigating, speechmaking and beating its weary way through the hordes of lobbyists surrounding its members (*next page*).

INVESTIGATIONS AS USUAL



INFLUENCE PEDDLING is considered by senators. Witness is Sam Mason, accused of raising money to bribe officials, keeping it for himself.



CRIME in Atlantic City occupies ex-Kefauver Committee. Senators hear Herbert Orman, named as "kingpin" of the city's gambling organization.



SUBVERSION in the State Department is still being questioned. Here Owen Lattimore, recalled once again by a Senate committee, tells his story.



UN-AMERICANISM is looked into by House committee. Here ex-Communist John Pace relates Red role in the Washington bonus march in 1932.

HEARINGS AD INFINITUM



WHAT TO DO ABOUT TWINE is the problem of Rep. Robert ("Muley") Doughton's Ways and Means Committee. He sits head in hand and hears witness ask that U.S. let it into country duty free.



WHAT TO DO WITH REPORT on results of RFC hearings is discussed by a Senate Banking and Currency subcommittee. Majority report is ready for release. Question: should they await minority view?



WHERE TO PUT NEW BASES led House Armed Services Committee to work late into the night. Rep. Carl Vinson of Georgia (*left*) leaves office with General Colby Myers and Rep. William Bates (Mass.).

THESE PEOPLE ARE LOBBYING



FOR COTTON, Walter Randolph (in white) of National Cotton Council buttonholes Congressmen Smith (left) and Abernethy (Miss.) in House.



FOR FLOWERS, three men who are interested in carnations (left), roses (center) and florists (right) seek funds for research from Senate committee.



FOR HOME RULE in D.C., Kate Alfriend, of Americans for Democratic Action, "loveliest lobbyist on the Hill," talks to Rep. Furcolo of Mass.



FOR MEAT, two Baltimore packers and "amateur lobbyists" tell Representative Sasscer of Maryland that meat prices are too seasonal to control.

THESE ARE OUT OF TOWN



IN ROME, members of Senate Foreign Relations Committee, touring Europe to study Foreign Aid Bill, relax at party given by President Einaudi. At left is Senator Sparkman; at right, Senator Wiley.



IN PENNSYLVANIA, Senator Ed Martin poses in a Golden Slipper Camp T-shirt labeled "staff" after giving a Sunday dedication address at a new camp for underprivileged children at Bartonsville.



IN MADRID, Foreign Relations Committee members meet Franco at his palace. Generalissimo is third from right. Second from the left is Senator Brewster of Maine. Minor U.S. official shakes Franco's hand.

A CONGRESSMAN HAS TO GO HOME SOMETIMES



AT FARM PICNIC in his home territory near Celina, Tenn., Rep. Gore laughs with a friend after making a speech. Barbecue was spoiled by rain.



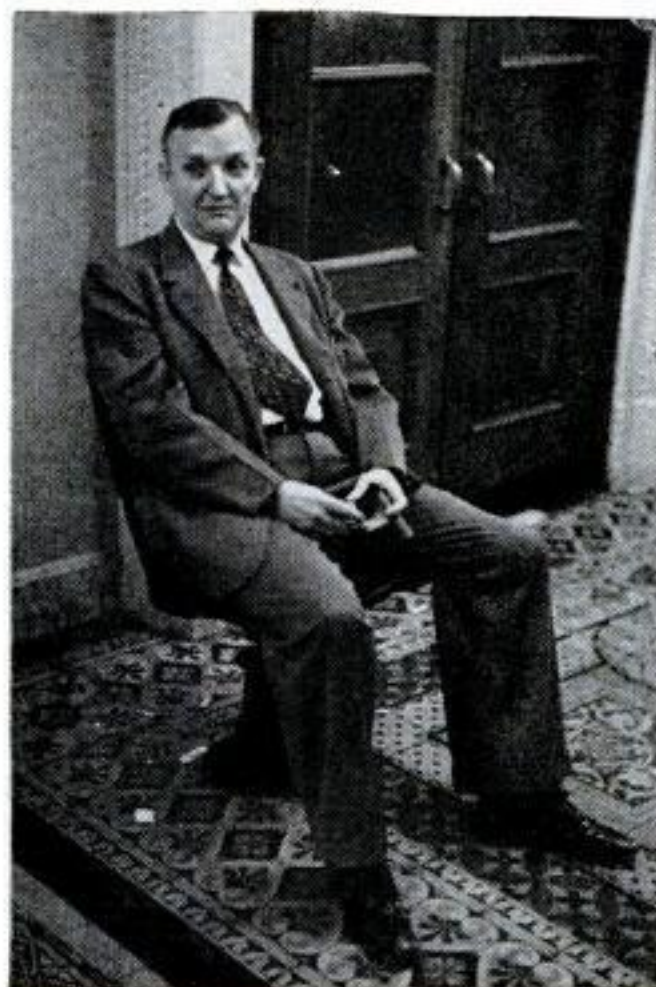
WITH HIS FAMILY, his wife Pauline, son Albert, 3, and daughter Nancy, 13, Gore stops for dinner at home in Carthage, Tenn. He has not admitted he is campaigning, but friends think he will some day occupy the seat of crusty old Senator McKellar. Next day he had a radio talk and a television program in Nashville.



WITH CONSTITUENTS in Carthage, Gore stops to chat in front of Smith County courthouse. He found them excited about the truce in Korea.



INDIANS, three Papagos, ask Representative Murdock of Arizona for \$23 million for schools, hospitals, water tanks and flood control projects.



FOR GOVERNMENT, ESA liaison officer Gerald Landis, a former congressman, waits near House floor to give pointers on the need for controls.



SUMMER BACHELORS, some of whom have sent their families out of town, sit in Georgetown garden, discuss ways to keep price controls. Left to right: Representatives Jackson (Wash.), Canfield (N.J.); Senators Kefauver (Tenn.), Morse (Ore.); Bob Low, State Department; and George Reynolds, Kefauver constituent.

LOBBYISTS, JUNKETS, POLITICS

In the old days Congressmen came to Washington in the winter, cleaned up their work by early summer and left the steaming city sometime in July to go home and mend political fences. But now that Congress, thanks to its own inefficiency, has become an all-year job, extracurricular duties must be fitted into weekends and sometimes even into office hours. As the bills pile up and up, the lobbyists pile up with them. And this year, perhaps believing that a riderless Congress is more than unusually subject to pressure from private interests, lobbyists are really haunting the legislators, clutching at sleeves in the corridors of the office buildings and calling members off the floor of Congress itself. Always too there is re-election to think of. Though elections are still a year and a half away, Congressmen with an eye on the 83rd, like Representative Gore of Tennessee (*below*), must give up weekends to talk to the folks at home. The one pleasant escape, a time-honored prerogative of the legislator, is the congressional junket. By this device some clever congressmen can get away from the Capitol for a while to look into the water situation in Arizona, to test the food in Army camps, to feel the pulse of a foreign nation or to check up on the need for U.S. aid in countries overseas (*left*). But nowadays most congressmen, like Senators Kefauver and Case, have had to give up thoughts of home and settle down in the hot city for the duration.



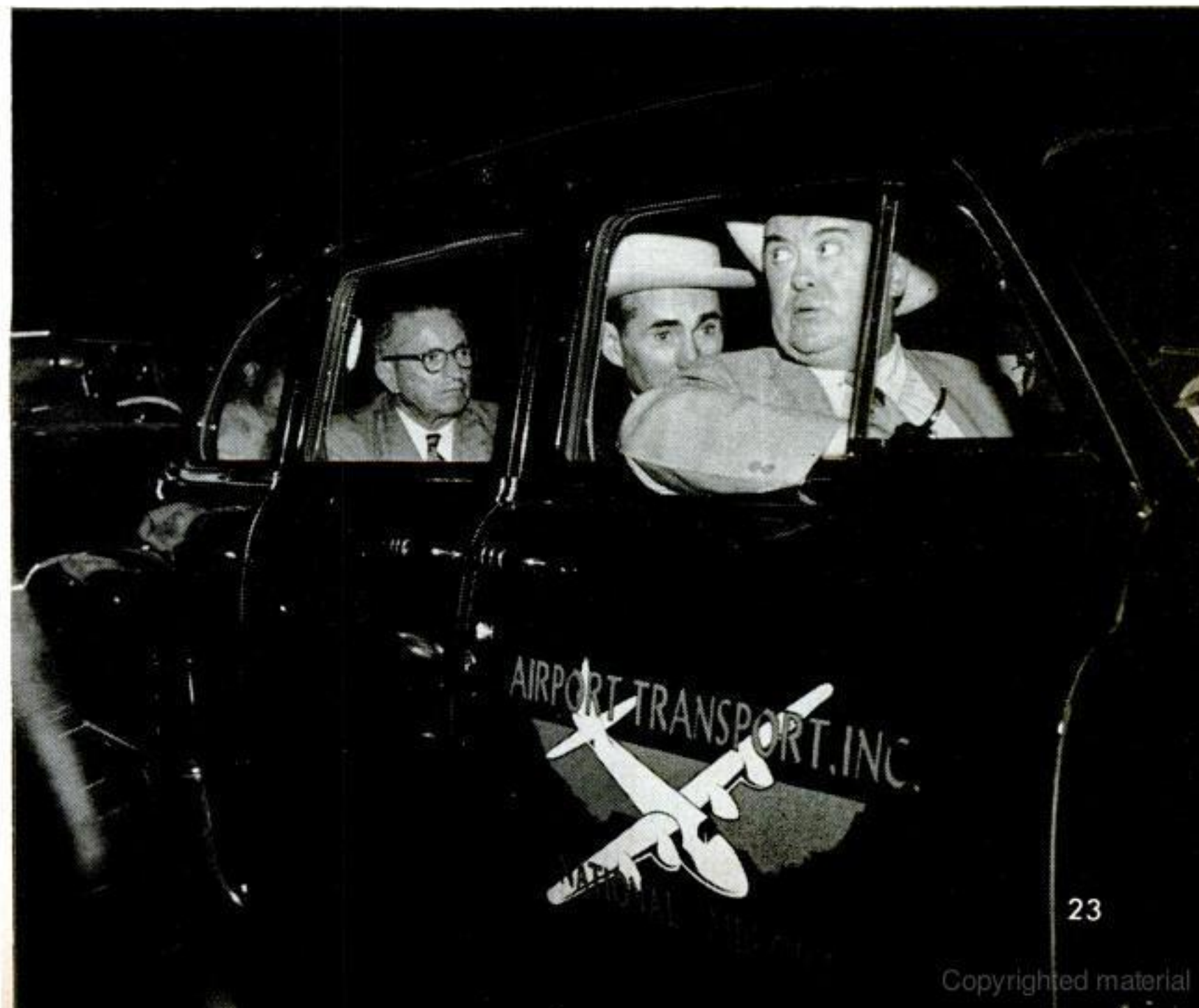
WASHINGTON WOODSMAN, Senator Case (S. Dak.), chops a clearing for permanent home he plans to build. Other congressmen often leave town on weekends, like New Yorkers Buckley, Donovan and O'Toole (*below, left to right*), who grabbed Washington airport taxi after House adjourned at 1:21 a.m. Saturday.



WORD TO THE WISE is passed on by Celina man who, referring to Gore's unannounced ambitions, whispered, "We know what's up. We'll tend to it."



AT WEEKEND'S END Gore naps in car en route to second picnic. Later he caught plane to Washington, arriving in time to vote for price controls.





IN PALACE GARDEN, HARRIMAN (LEFT) AND GRADY DISCUSS IRAN'S SITUATION WITH THE SHAH (CENTER)

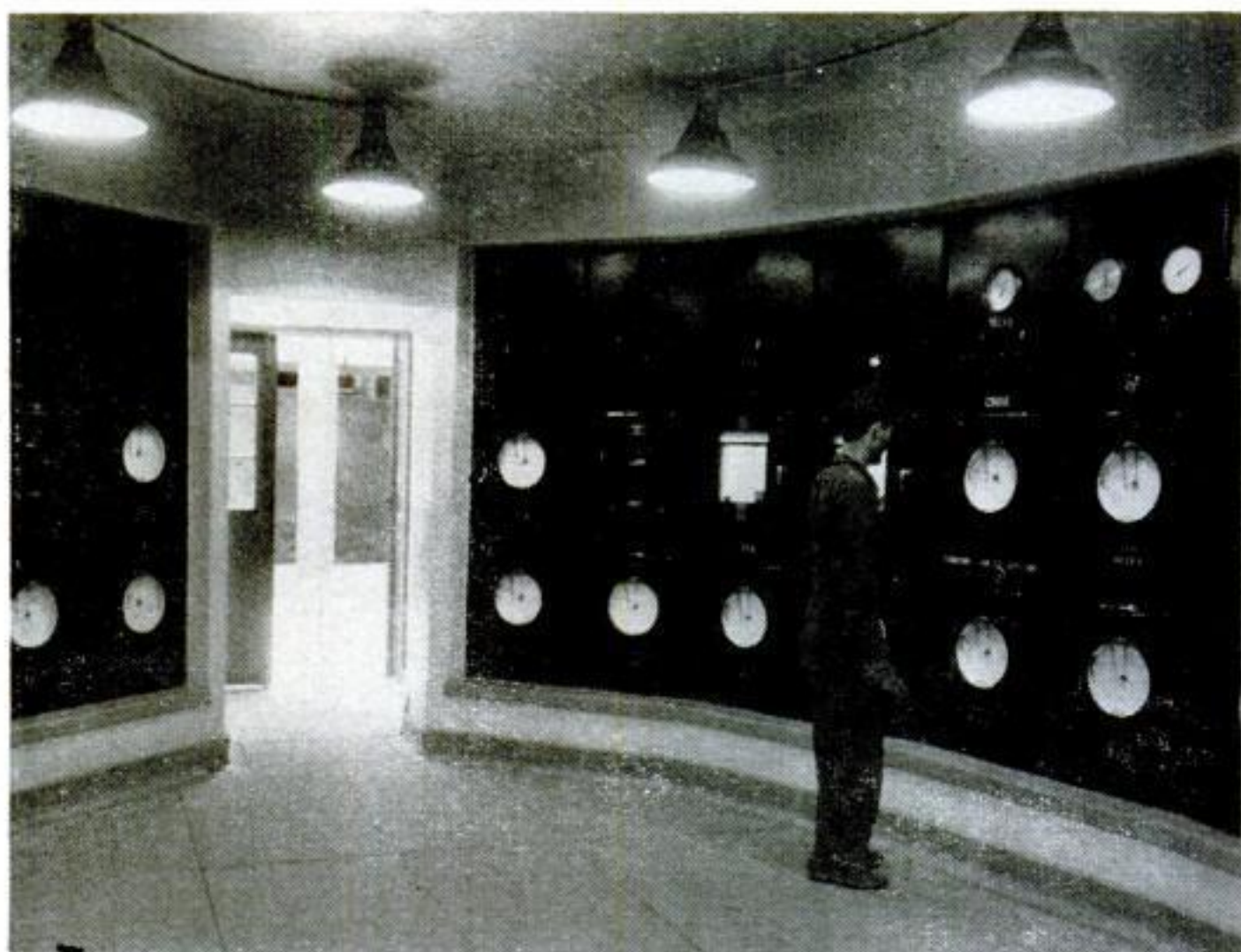


THE REDS PARADE THROUGH TEHERAN STREETS

THE U.S. TRIES

American envoy is met by riots

Almost nothing had been left undone to make a shambles of W. Averell Harriman's good Samaritan mission to Teheran. "In the interest of world peace," President Truman had offered to send his personal foreign policy adviser to help find a settlement in the dispute between Iran and Britain over nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's rich wells and refineries (LIFE, June 18). But when U.S. Ambassador Henry Grady delivered the President's letter, Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh smiled blandly and announced, "Too late." The British ambassador, miffed because the U.S. had omitted to consult his government in advance, petulantly squawked that there wasn't much point in a visit by Harriman. Thereupon Mossadegh reversed himself and said he would see Harriman. But nine hours after the U.S. go-between landed at Teheran, the capital erupted in the bitterest anti-British demonstration of the four-month-old dispute. Communists and



IRAN'S PROBLEM, if British are forced out entirely, will be same as problem facing this confused native: how to run the complex machinery of Iran's oil plants.



TIED-UP TANKERS stand darkly silhouetted against the dusk at jetty near giant Abadan refinery (right). In the long controversy over Iran's oil production,



FLAUNTING THE USUAL ANTI-BRITISH BANNERS

TO CALM IRAN

as hope for oil peace dwindles

Nationalists battled each other in the streets, the Reds cursing "imperialist America." When the rioting was over 16 Iranians lay dead. Martial law was declared and police confiscated pictures of the bloodletting.

Twice on the first day after arriving Harriman conferred with the ailing Mossadegh who indicated he would rather see Iran's oil flow into the sea than into British tankers. Apparently an offer of increased U.S. aid did not sway him, nor did the fact that Iran's rampant nationalism was sparking new troubles in nearby countries. In the same week that Iran's shah was entertaining Harriman and Grady at lunch two new instances of "government by assassination" (next page) showed the explosive temper of the Middle East. At week's end, however, Harriman wrested one concession: the Iranians promised to sit down and confer again with the British. There was little hope of success, but as long as the talks went on it was worth the try.



HUDDLED IN THEIR CHADORS, THREE WOMEN SIT AND WATCH BRITISH CRUISER AT ANCHOR OFF ABADAN



the captains of 15 British tankers unloaded the oil that they had taken on, rather than sign receipts giving the government of Iran full claim to the final payments.



AT PREMIER'S HOME Harriman and interpreter meet for the first time with Mossadegh (right). After a preliminary social talk the subject was switched to oil.



BEIRUT'S CITIZENS TRY TO TAKE OVER COFFIN OF THEIR MURDERED EX-PREMIER IN WILD STREET DEMONSTRATION

SUDDEN DEATH GOVERNS MIDDLE EAST

Jordan's pro-British king and Lebanon's ex-premier die in the latest outburst of assassinations

On July 20 a slender Moslem tailor named Mustafa Esho stepped from behind a door of Jerusalem's Mosque of El Aqsa, whipped a German paratrooper's Luger from his pocket and fired four shots point-blank at the dignified gentleman approaching him. A moment later, King Abdullah, "the bearded lion" of Jordan, toppled dead on the steps of the mosque.

His was at least the sixth major assassination to rile up the dirty waters of Arab politics in the past three years. In the Middle Eastern world of Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Iran there are 50 million Moslems. Living mostly in ignorance, poverty and confusion, they have erupted in sporadic and politically immature outbursts arising out of a whirlpool of conflicting emotions:

1) They all hate and fear the Jews and blame the U.S. for "sponsoring" Israel. 2) Each Moslem country has a minority of religious fanatics who believe the murder of anyone who disagrees with them is approved by Allah. 3) Each country

has political leaders greedy for power and ready to exploit new nationalist ambitions. 4) In most countries, especially Iran, there is an urge to expel Western powers who have developed and exploited natural resources. 5) Circulating throughout the entire area are various political schemes, including Arab League proposals for federation and grandiose ideas of a new Pan-Islamic movement. 6) Facing all of them is the problem of how much to rely on the West for money and technical assistance.

It was into the midst of such hatreds, ambitions and intrigues that the U.N.'s Count Bernadotte stepped on a mission in 1948 to bring peace to warring Jews and Arabs. He was shot to death Sept. 17 by members of Israel's Stern



U.N.'S BERNADOTTE



EGYPT'S NOKRASHY

executed by the army men who had helped him grab power. His death was prompted by an alleged deviation from political promises. But on March 7 this year strict compliance with a longstanding commitment resulted in a bullet in the head for Premier Ali Razmara. When he opposed demands to nationalize Iran's oil industry, he was killed by a young hothead who shouted, "Long live Islam, and death to the oil company." The premier's death and the subsequent nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. further increased Middle East tension which reached a peak last week.



IRAN'S ALI RAZMARA

gang. Three months later in Cairo an organization of zealots, the Moslem Brotherhood, killed the premier of Egypt, Mahmoud Fahmy El Nokrashy. Eight months after that an officer of Syria's army, Husni Zaim, who had become president through a military coup, was executed by the army men who had helped him



SYRIA'S HUSNI ZAIM

The week started off with a retaliatory killing on July 16 of former Lebanese Premier Riad es-Solh, who was visiting Abdullah at his palace in Amman. For several years es-Solh had opposed Abdullah's old dream to join Jordan, Syria and Iraq—which form the so-called "Fertile

Crescent"—into one greater Arab state under Abdullah's Hashemite crown. A rabid nationalist himself, es-Solh had previously double-crossed some of his own countrymen. After conferring with Abdullah, he started for the Amman airport with a police escort provided by his host. On the way he was murdered, Chicago-style, by a burst of bullets from a Tommy-gun, fired from a passing car. Rioting thereupon broke out in es-Solh's Lebanese capital of Beirut. Angry bands roamed the streets smashing store windows and shouting, "Abdullah, where is es-Solh?" And later when his body arrived home by plane, screaming mobs ripped off the door, seized the coffin and carried it to his home, again loudly crying out against Abdullah.

Scarcely had the cries subsided before Abdullah himself was dead, but not through Lebanese vengeance as might have been expected. Abdullah's killer belonged to a terrorist group which was devoted to the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, who has had a long and bitter dispute with Abdullah for siding with the British during World War II. He also feared that Abdullah would soon conclude a formal peace pact with the hated Israelis.

With Abdullah dead, peace in the excitable Middle East appeared more remote than ever. This prospect would not displease the Communists, who have as yet pulled no triggers of their own to increase the number of assassinations.



LEBANON'S ES-SOLH



JORDAN'S ABDULLAH

THE BIGGEST
"PLUS"
IN CIGARETTE HISTORY

**...No Unpleasant
After-taste"**

—added to
the world's most
famous ABCs—

Always Milder
Better Tasting
Cooler Smoking

See DAVID BRIAN
Co-starring in "FORT WORTH"

A Warner Bros. Production
Color by Technicolor

"The Big Plus gets my vote —"

David Brian

"CHESTERFIELD IS THE ONLY CIGARETTE of all
brands tested in which members of our taste
panel found no unpleasant after-taste."

From the report of a well-known research organization

Always **B**uy **C**CHESTERFIELD



Theodore Salzer knew a good thing when he saw it!

He Popularized Third-Dimensional Photography in America!

When Mr. Salzer saw the inventor's model of a new camera, he instantly sensed its commercial possibilities. This camera took pictures in *pairs*! Seen through a special viewer, these two pictures blended into *one*, with

all the roundness and perspective that you see with your own eyes! Because Mr. Salzer knew a good thing, millions of camera fans now enjoy the third-dimensional magic of *Stereo-Realist* pictures.



If you know a good thing in whiskey...

you'll instantly recognize the superiority of **HUNTER**, long famous as America's luxury blend. Its flavor is so distinctive that no one has been able to copy it in over 91 years.

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% grain neutral spirits.



PEOPLE

ROYAL FATHER ABDICATES AND HIS SON TAKES OVER

After 11 years of bitterness and six years of sporadic revolt against King Leopold III, Belgium last week acquired a new ruler. He was Leopold's eldest son, Baudouin, the solemn, bespectacled, 20-year-old Prince Royal. The job came to him by compromise and default.

In 1940, after only 18 days of resistance, Leopold surrendered his armies to the invading Germans. While some of his ministers fled to England and formed a resistance government, Leopold became a virtual prisoner in his own land. After VE day and charges by some of his now-liberated subjects that his relations with the Nazis had verged on collaboration, Leopold retired to Switzerland. There he and his beautiful commoner second wife played golf and fretted for home while Baudouin was growing up. Finally, in spring 1950, a plebiscite held by a promonarchical administration showed a majority—although a scant one—favoring Leopold's return. But his actual arrival roused new dissension and riots. Convinced his presence as king would only further divide his country, Leopold last week bowed out in favor of his son who was acceptable to conservatives and socialists alike. The unhappy Prince Royal, so far notable chiefly for his filial devotion, assumed the throne after promising Leopold to "do everything to show myself worthy of being your son."



BRUSSELS WOMEN WEEP AT PASSING OF A KING

ABDICATING KING, Leopold III, waves to the crowds from balcony of Royal Palace, with Baudouin in the symbolic shadow of his father's upraised arm. →





CLEAN WITHOUT BATHING! And in mere minutes! That's the magic of Sergeant's new, liquid SKIP-BATH. Here's all you do: 1. Sprinkle SKIP-BATH on your dog, or on cloth and apply. 2. Rub in well. 3. Wipe dry. Your dog is clean, sweet and flea-free, too. Get Sergeant's SKIP-BATH at your drug or pet store—today. Large bottle only 79 cents. SKIP-BATH is another of the famous Sergeant's® Dog Care Products.

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GOLD or WHITE LABEL
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Hair all wet? Hair all sandy? Whip out your Ace And you'll look dandy

ACE HARD RUBBER COMBS
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the world's most widely used single-cylinder gasoline engines

BRIGGS & STRATTON
4 CYCLE GASOLINE ENGINES

No other single cylinder, 4-cycle, air-cooled gasoline engines are so universally preferred by manufacturers, dealers, users, alike.
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PEOPLE CONTINUED



HE JUST FORGOT WHO HE WAS

The bearded, brocaded and beribboned gentleman in the picture above is Alexei Pavlovitch Pavlov, the Soviet ambassador to France, and he is watching the annual Bastille Day parade along the Champs Elysées. Concentrating on something the other dignitaries have missed, Pavlov appears for the moment to have been carried away with the patriotic ardor of the occasion and to be making like, of all people, Napoleon.



THEY DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS

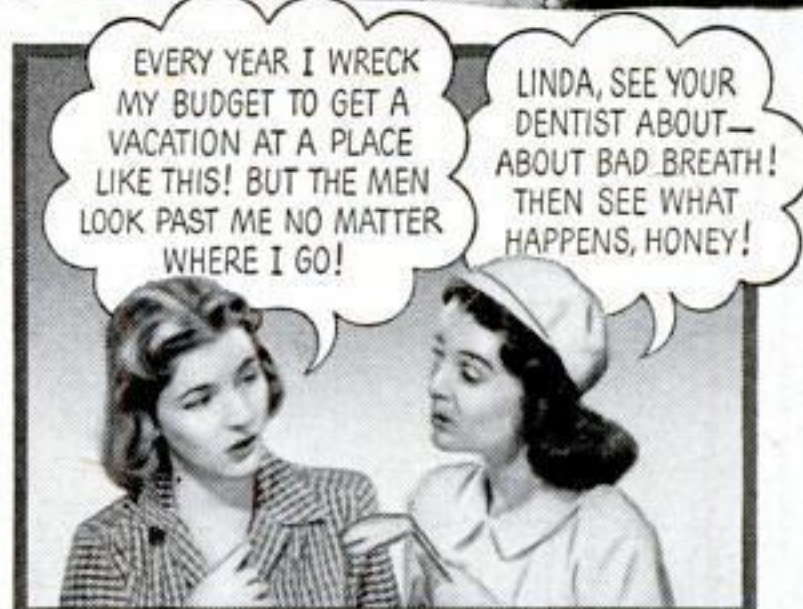
Frank Sinatra, who croons, and Ava Gardner, who doesn't have to, love each other very much. But, because Frank is married to somebody else, the sweethearts have been shy about appearing together in public. Recently, however, Mrs. Sinatra announced that she would seek a divorce, and the radiantly happy couple—Frankie and Ava, that is—went to the premiere of *Show Boat*, "without," as a friend said, "hurting anyone."



THEY WERE FED UP WITH HOME

Last week, while their parents were on vacation, Jimmy Hillhouse, 15, and his 13-year-old sister Judy, of Rye, N.Y., signed their mother's name to checks totaling \$320 and flew to California to see some movie stars. There, police nabbed them as they got off the plane, took them, still unrepentant, to the station house (above) before sending them home. Said calm Father Hillhouse, "It's best to treat it all casually."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.



Never neglect a jabbed finger

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance. Always use BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

Always look for the name on the box



100% STERILE

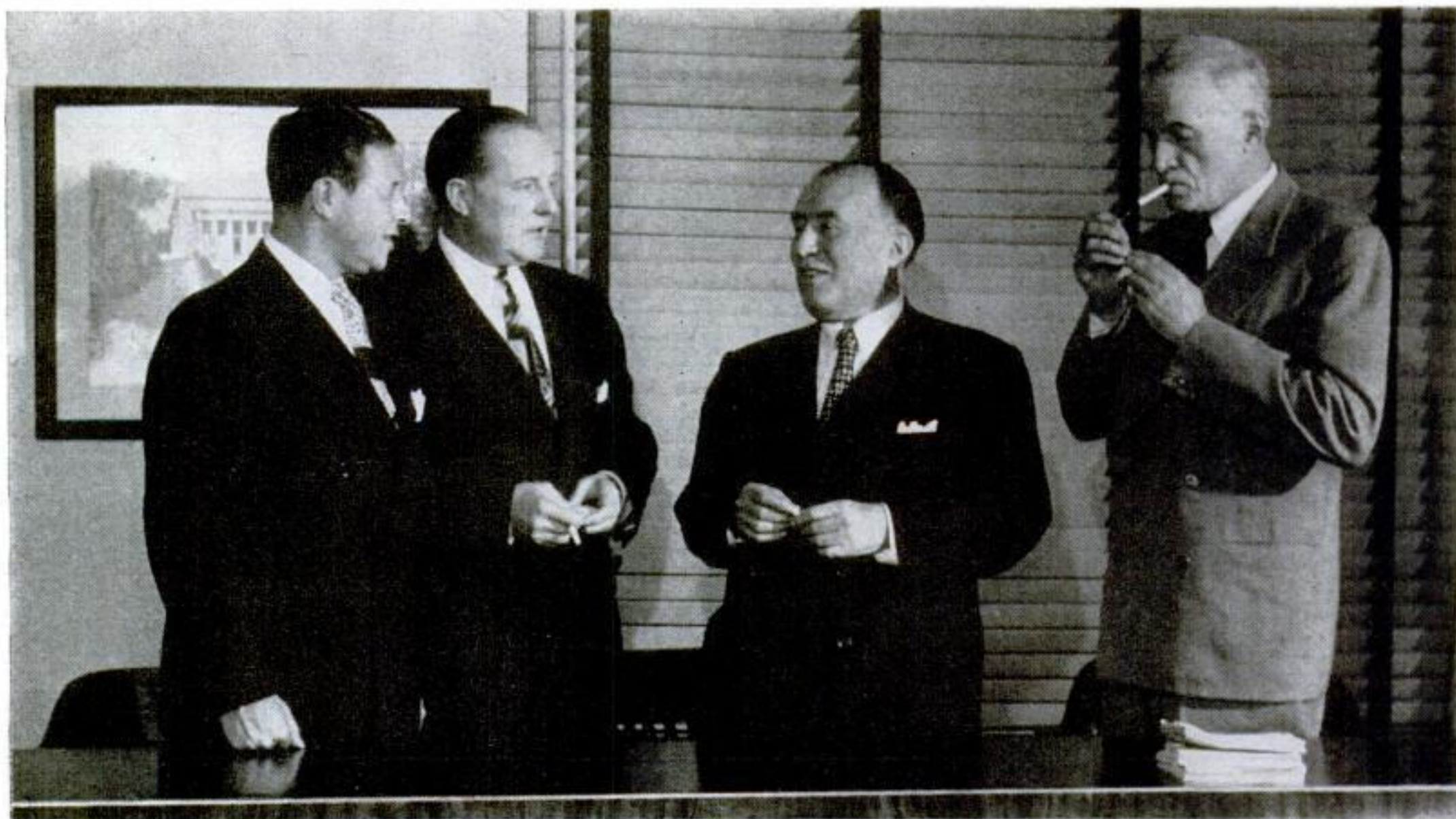
BAND-AID means MADE BY
Johnson & Johnson



THEY WAITED FOR MOSCOW'S ORDERS

For a few days last week the Communist delegates to the Korean cease-fire talks seemed to radiate goodwill. Between sessions at Kaesong they posed cheerfully for U.N. photographers, and even stiff, unbending General Nam Il, chief North Korean spokesman (right), and the poker-faced Chinese General Tung Hua cracked thin smiles. But then, in the conference

room, Chief U.N. Delegate Admiral Charles Turner Joy reportedly refused to accept the Reds' demands for withdrawal of all foreign troops as a cease-fire condition. The Communists promptly went dead-pan again and asked for a four-day recess, presumably to check with Peking and Moscow. On the fighting front observers spotted an ominous build-up of Red forces.



THEY AWAITED A VOTE IN CHICAGO

The four men above represent a political schism between President Truman and an influential Democratic senator, Paul Douglas. The four—candidates for two U.S. judgeships in northern Illinois—are (left to right) Cornelius J. Harrington and Joseph J. Drucker (backed by the President), and Benjamin P. Epstein and William H. King (backed by Douglas).

When Mr. Truman picked his own men in retaliation for Douglas' sniping at Administration spending, the senator asked Chicago bar associations to vote their preference. The President retorted that bar associations didn't make his appointments, but in turn was obliquely warned that in any case, the Senate rarely confirms a nominee opposed by his home state senator.



No inflated claims—

We're tobacco men
not medicine men

Old Gold cures just one thing:
The World's Best Tobacco





HIGH AND DRY HIGHBALL 1½ jiggers Puerto Rican Rum (White or Gold). Add ice, twist of lemon peel, water, soda or ginger ale.

TEXAS TWISTER ½ glass orange juice. 1½ jiggers Puerto Rican Rum (White or Gold). Shake with cracked ice.

RUM 'N' COLA Juice ½ lemon or lime, jigger light, dry Puerto Rican Rum (White or Gold). Add ice and cola.

Summertime Fun! We promise you! One sip of these beautiful, easy-to-make drinks, and you'll discover why there's nothing else like the wonderful Rums of Puerto Rico.

Silken-smooth and light-bodied, these rums blend superbly with everything from fruit juices to iced tea—to make an endless variety of gay, delightful drinks. And if



RUM COLLINS 1½ jiggers Puerto Rican Rum (Gold). Juice ½ lemon, 1 tsp. sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Add soda, cherry and orange slice.

DRY DAIQUIRI Juice ½ fresh lime or ¼ lemon. 1 jigger Puerto Rican Rum (White). 1 tsp. sugar, cracked ice; shake, strain into glass.

ICED TEA-O-RUM 1 glass iced tea (or coffee). 1 jigger Puerto Rican Rum (White or Gold). Sugar to taste.

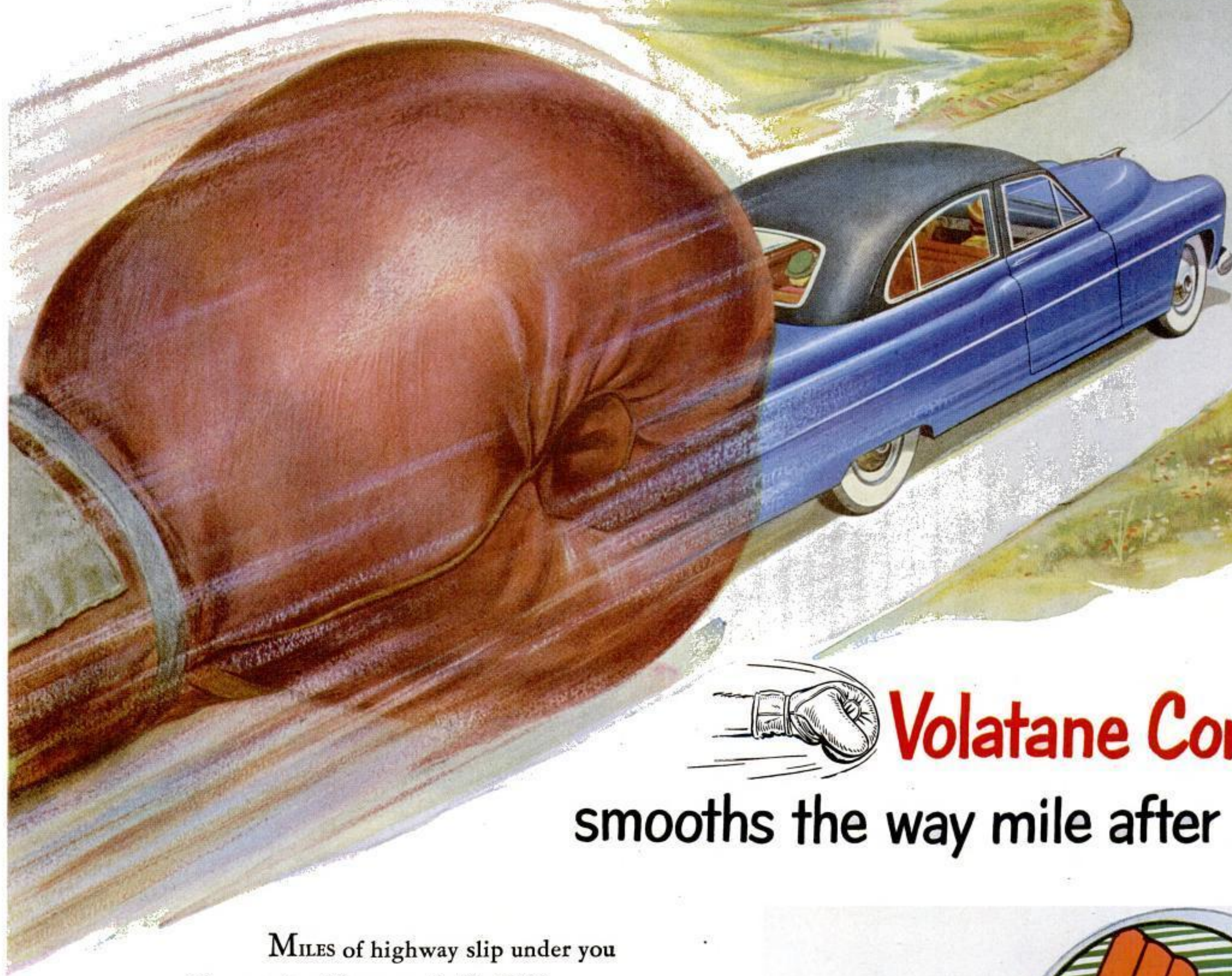
you've never tasted a highball made with the dry, clear-gold Rums of Puerto Rico, you have yet to discover how delicious a highball can be. And remember: all rums are by no means alike. Look for the words Puerto Rican Rum on every bottle!

Not heavy—
not sweet—try the Light Dry

Rums of Puerto Rico

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PACKS PUNCH!



Volatane Control
smooths the way mile after mile!

MILES of highway slip under you
like a satin ribbon—with *Sky Chief*.
It's the gasoline with Volatane Control.
Meaning this—its controlled volatility and
octane are scientifically balanced. It *packs punch*—
feels like the power of an extra motor!
Fill up with *Sky Chief*—at your Texaco Dealer
—*the best friend your car ever had.*

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GARY CROSBY TURNS INTO A SECOND GROANER



GARY AND FRIEND STUDY SCRIPTS

Last year a singer named Gary Crosby (see cover) appeared on the Bing Crosby radio show and ran through a few snappy choruses with his father, who also sings. The song, an Irving Berlin number called *Play a Simple Melody*, was such a hit that Gary and his father recorded it along with *Sam's Song*. Neither tune was exceptional, but Gary's patter and ragtime rhythm fitted in so well with Bing's polished nonchalance that the record sold more than a million copies.

Since then 18-year-old Gary has shown up four times on Bing's program, and each time he has added to his following of fans. Last month, before his graduation from Bellarmine College Preparatory in San Jose, Calif., he finally had his own show and gave a typical Crosby performance (p. 38). This month fans

are listening to a second Bing-Gary record, *Moonlight Bay* and *When You and I Were Young Maggie Blues*. As Bing ad-libs in another record, he can afford to go fishing because "I got me a piece of Gary."

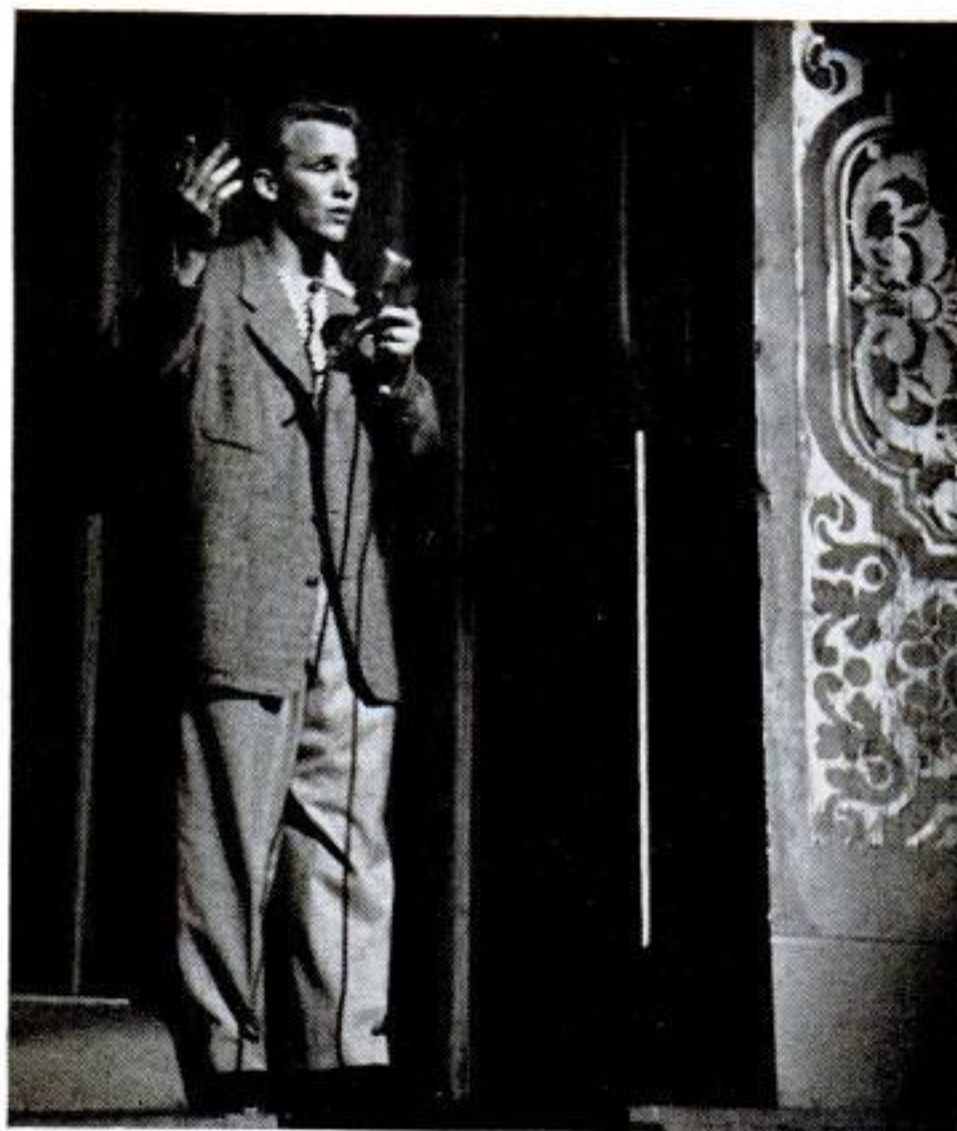
What will happen next in Gary's musical career is anybody's guess. His voice is certainly not as good as his father's, but it is pleasant, and he has Bing's fine sense of rhythm and phrasing. Best of all, he has the famous Crosby take-it-or-leave-it technique with a song. The fans think he's wonderful. So far Bing has turned down all movie offers, and Gary's immediate ambition is to make the Stanford freshman football team next fall and to study animal husbandry. But in spite of football and animals there is little doubt that the Crosbys have a second Groaner in the family.



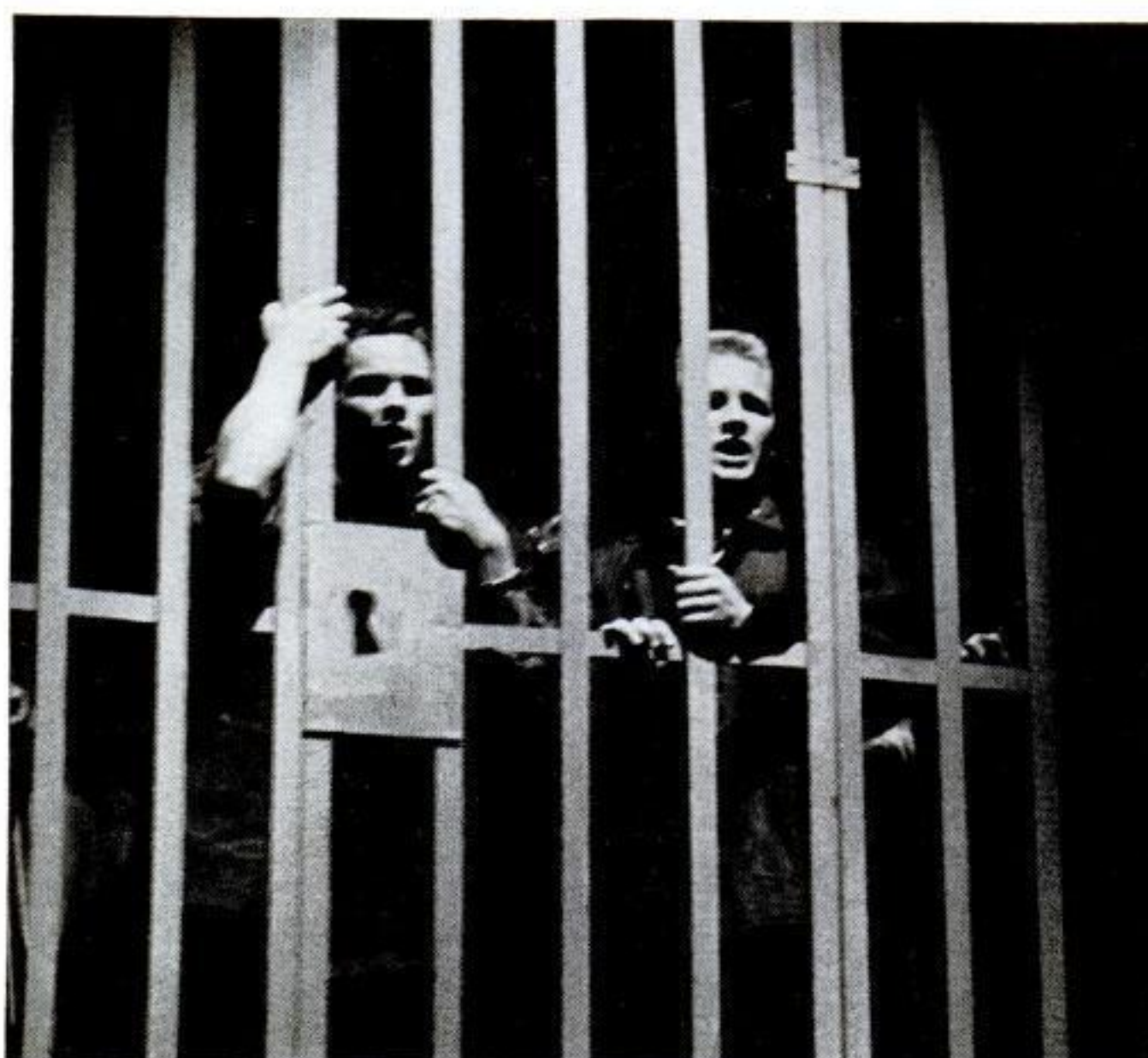
THE CROSBY MEN relax at their ranch in Elko, Nev., where Gary (with rope) is one of Bing's top hands in the haying season. The other boys—twins, Dennis,

(right) and Philip, on fence with Lindsay—have all appeared on Bing's radio show, and all five Crosbys got together last fall to record some Christmas carols.

HE EMCEES A HIGH SCHOOL SHOW



TOSSING OFF JOKE in the Crosby manner at Bellarmine Prep's show, Gary fills in until next act is ready.



BEHIND BARS in act about Alcatraz, "Peddle-the-Hooch" Crosby (right) sings with other inmate. He was very nervous backstage, very relaxed onstage.



WAITING FOR CUE he listens to applause. Besides singing, acting, telling jokes, he beat drums in a hot trio.



EXTRA mellowness
EXTRA smoothness
EXTRA fine flavor
in 4 year old RONRICO —
from Puerto Rico!



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FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

New preparation has remarkable skin-soothing ingredient

MODERN LIVING demands you shave every day. But your skin need not get irritated, rough, and often old-looking. Not any more...

Two special ingredients in Glider brushless shave cream correct all this. One is the same type of oil that is used on a baby's skin. This allows your razor to cut close without scraping.

The second ingredient which insures your skin new shaving comfort is EXTRACT OF LANOLIN—a wonderful new substance with beneficial ingredients 25 times as active as in plain lanolin, the well-known skin conditioner.

Glider for the brushless shaver—whether you shave daily or less often—means a comfortable, clean shave. And for the man who must shave twice a day, it's a life-saver! It keeps the skin silky-smooth because it's a shaving preparation that's good for the skin. So good that it makes after-shave lotions needless. All you need do is rub a little extra Glider right into your skin... and like a skin cream it replenishes the oils of your skin, leaves your face feeling smooth, relaxed with that healthy look of youth everybody admires.

As makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years, and as makers of the only shaving preparations containing EXTRACT OF LANOLIN, we know there's not a better brushless preparation on the market. Get a tube today and see for yourself! The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Charles S. Campbell
PRESIDENT

The best in
Puerto Rican Rum
is.....

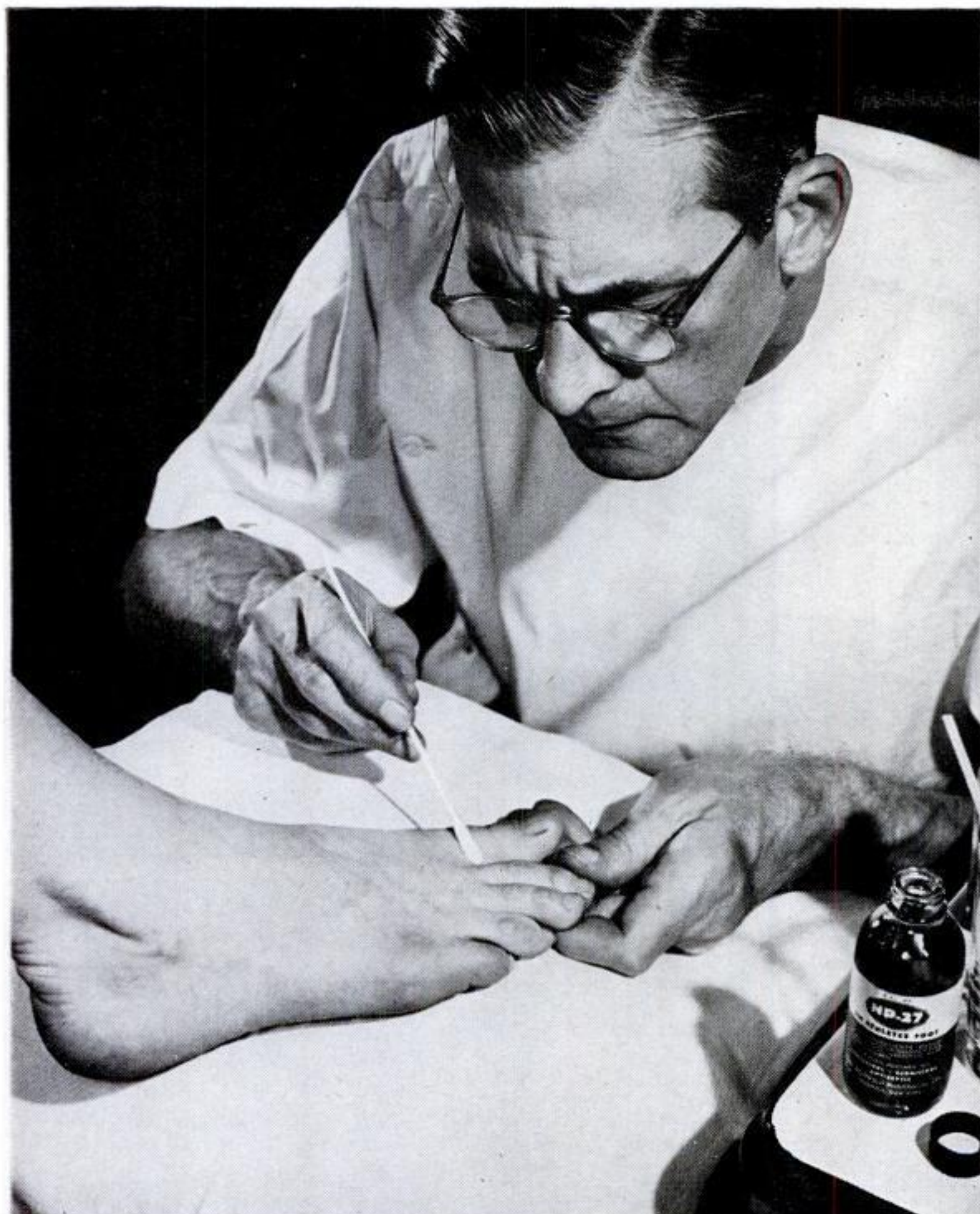


(WHITE OR GOLD LABEL)

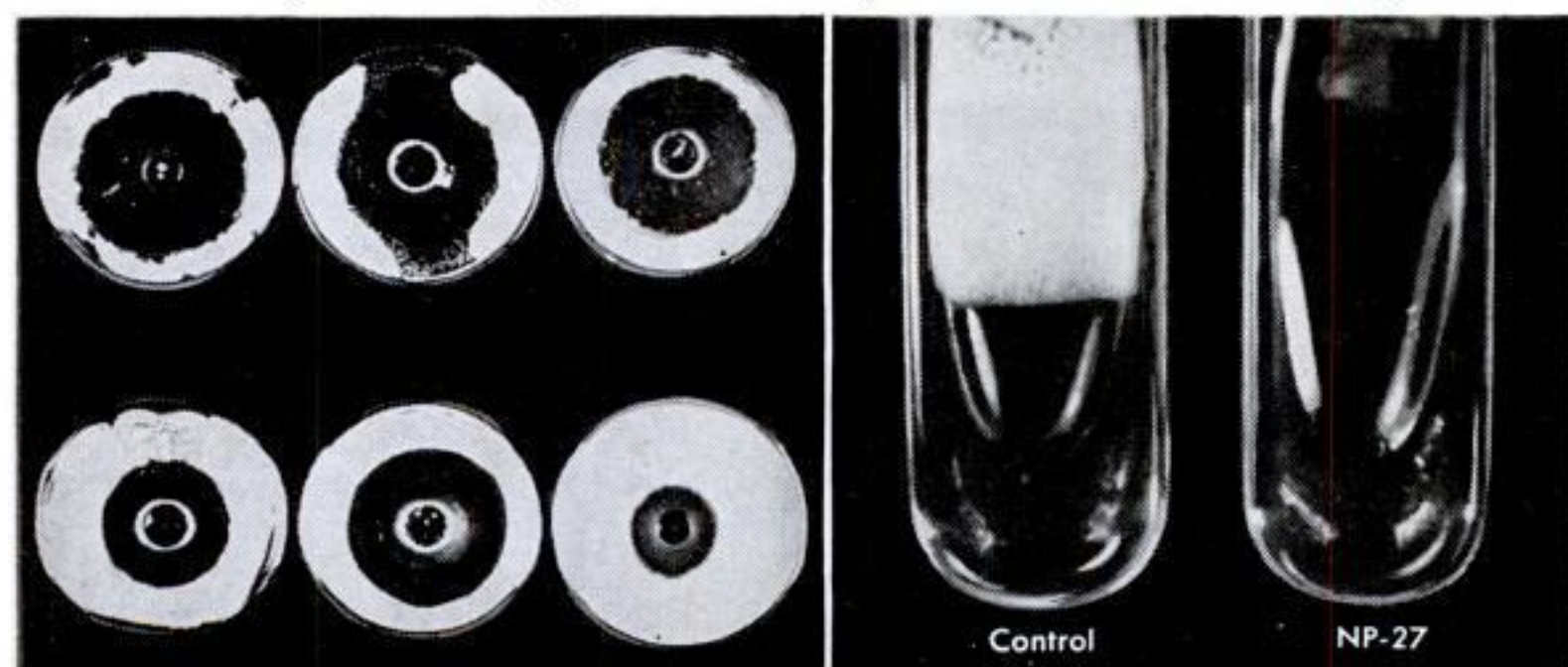
Send for free recipe booklet

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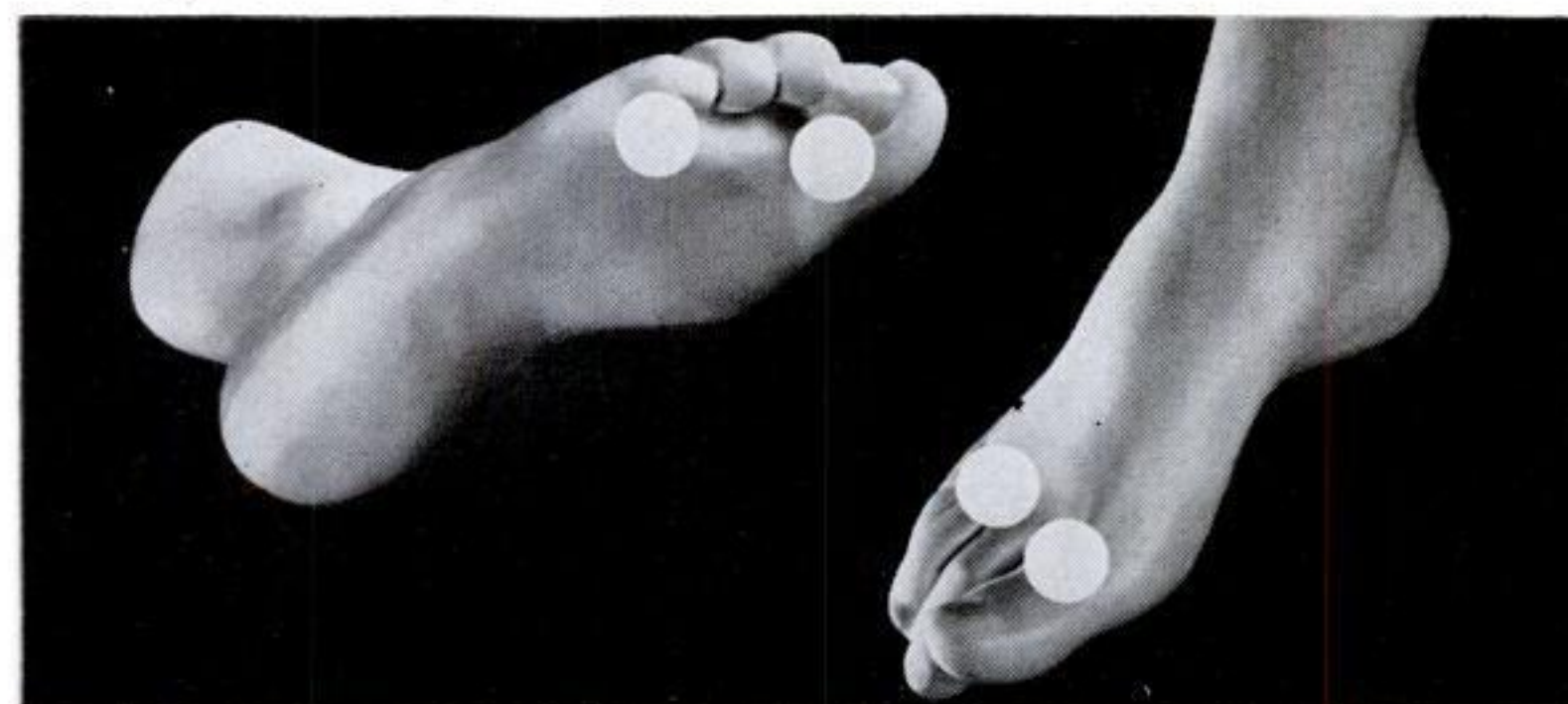
CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



PROVED IN PROFESSIONAL OFFICES. Twelve noted chiropodists cooperated in testing NP-27, then reported the following outstanding results: NP-27 relieves itching almost instantly; it is amazingly effective and free from irritation. Another leading chiropodist showed that NP-27 can penetrate even into toenail tissue, an important point because some of the organisms causing the disease may burrow beneath the surface.



LABORATORY PROOF. Athlete's Foot may be caused by many different kinds of organisms. A remedy which kills only one kind of organism may not be adequate. Photos at left, above, illustrate tests which show that NP-27 is effective against many organisms. Photos at right, above, show another test which proves that NP-27 does not merely discourage but actually kills organisms which cause Athlete's Foot.



CHECK YOUR FEET. Many people have Athlete's Foot without knowing it. Check your feet for peeling, itching, cracks between and under toes . . . and for itching callouses on soles. These are not normal. Act before they develop into blisters, open breaks, raw spots. The disease is caused by fungi, sometimes complicated by bacteria. Use something that kills both fungi and bacteria. That's NP-27.

AMERICA'S No. 1 SKIN DISEASE

How Science now offers new relief to millions

America's No. 1 skin disease is Athlete's Foot. Amazing as it may seem, 3 out of every 4 Americans now suffer from this ailment at some time during each year. One authority for that statement — so important to you — is a leading medical journal. Other authorities have reached similar conclusions. The disease affects all kinds of people, causes untold discomfort and distress, produces immense economic losses by lowering efficiency and causing absences from work. In critical times like today, this condition demands attention from the nation and from YOU.

Now a new remedy is available for the treatment and prevention of Athlete's Foot. Proofs of its superiority are becoming overwhelming. Athletic coaches and trainers endorse it. So do chiropodists, foot specialists who see more foot troubles than anyone else. Laboratory tests explain why it is so effective. Read the facts below.



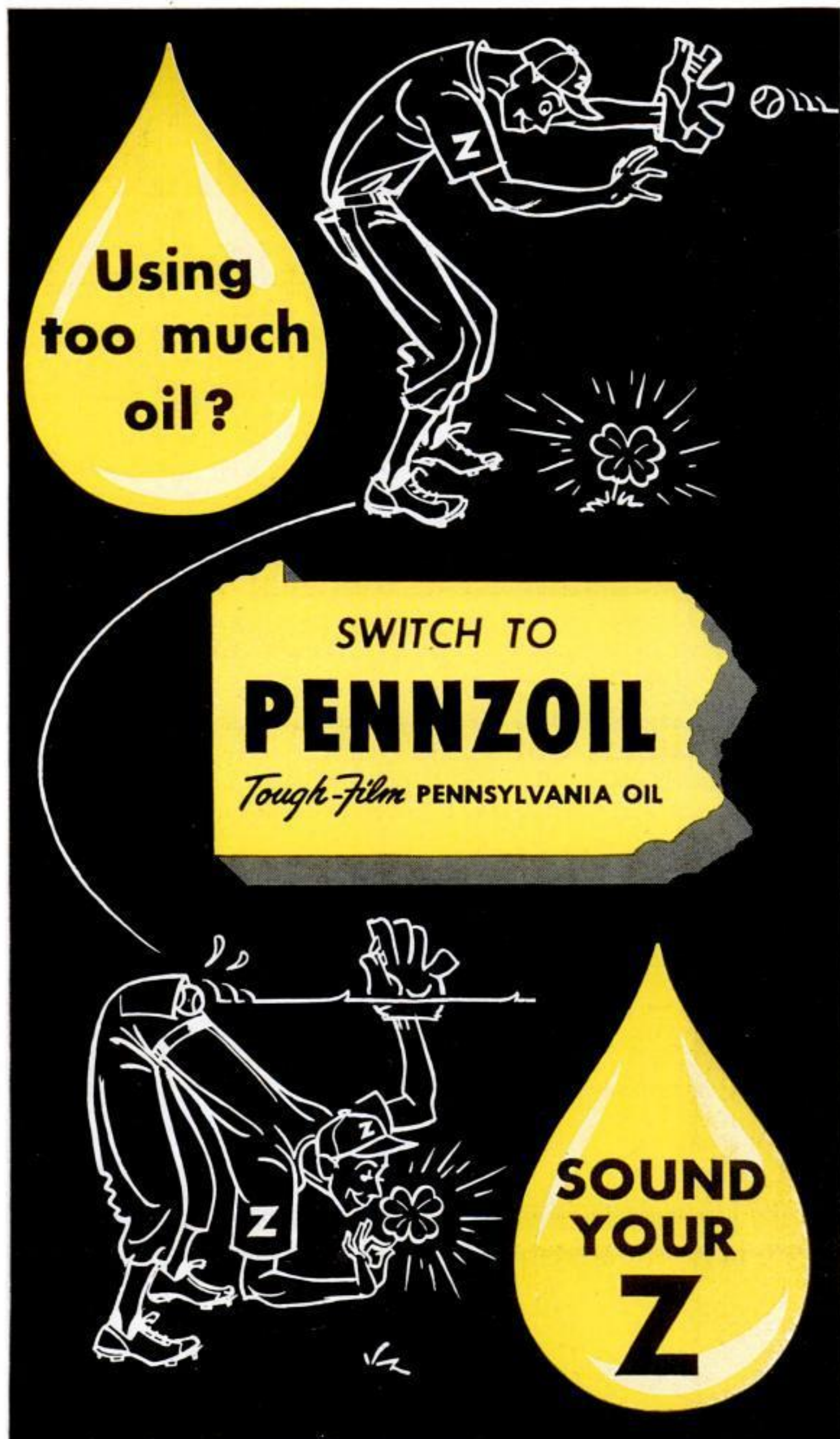
WES FESLER, coach of champion football teams recommends NP-27. Read below what he says about new Athlete's Foot remedy.

ATHLETIC COACHES ENDORSE NP-27. Wesley Fesler, coach of Rose Bowl champions says: "I find that the use of NP-27 has brought unusually prompt relief from fungus infections of the feet." Others say the same, including Carl Snively, of North Carolina; Henry Frnka, of Tulane; "Rollie" Bevan, of Army; Jack Rourke, of Colgate; Hugh Burns, of Notre Dame. Take their advice; use NP-27 yourself.



Another fine
Norwich product

WHAT TO DO. NP-27 is nice to use; no unpleasant odor, no mess, no staining; dries almost instantly. For prevention, use it every other day; it's a habit that pays. If symptoms have appeared, use it daily. NP-27 is guaranteed to give you complete satisfaction, or your druggist will refund entire purchase price. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. (NP-27 is also available in Canada.)



If you pay 40c or more a quart for motor oil, you're entitled to Pennzoil Quality

Long, hard summer drives give you a real check on motor oil consumption. If you're using too much oil it's a sign you're not getting the kind of protection you need. Pennzoil quality keeps oil in your engine longer.

This 100% Pennsylvania oil resists heat. Result . . . it helps keep valves, pistons and rings free from carbon, gum and sludge . . . safeguards bearings from pounding and corrosion. With tough-film Pennzoil you get a clean, smooth-running engine that uses less oil.

Get your full money's worth! Sound your Z for genuine Pennzoil.



PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS AT BETTER DEALERS, COAST TO COAST

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Assn., Permit No. 2



PENNZOIL® GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Gary Crosby CONTINUED



GARY MUGS IN DISGUST AT HAVING TO WEAR GRADUATION CAP, GOWN

BEING BING'S SON ISN'T EASY

Bing Crosby has often declared that he is raising his four sons to be "average American kids." Gary Crosby has learned that it is difficult to be both an average kid and Bing's son. Until Gary's radio success, Bing and his wife Dixie tried hard to screen him from the public, and even now Bing takes unusual precautions to prevent him from getting a swelled head. In a house filled with servants he sometimes makes Gary work all day filling the woodbox, and in the summers at the ranch Gary has worked endlessly at every chore Bing can think of. His spending money has always been limited, and there are definite rules about staying out at night. In spite of all this, Gary was cocky when he first came to Bellarmine Prep. Two months of a severe cold shoulder treatment from all the boys soon cured him. As a standout football player (*below*), he found that every opposing team was out to "get the Crooner." Six- and seven-man tackles were frequent, and an elbow in the face was not unusual. Gary took this philosophically, just as he does Bing's strict rules. "My dad must have been a real hell-raiser when he was young," Gary says. Then he adds, "It's always that way, I guess."



BING played football in high school but was too light for his college team.



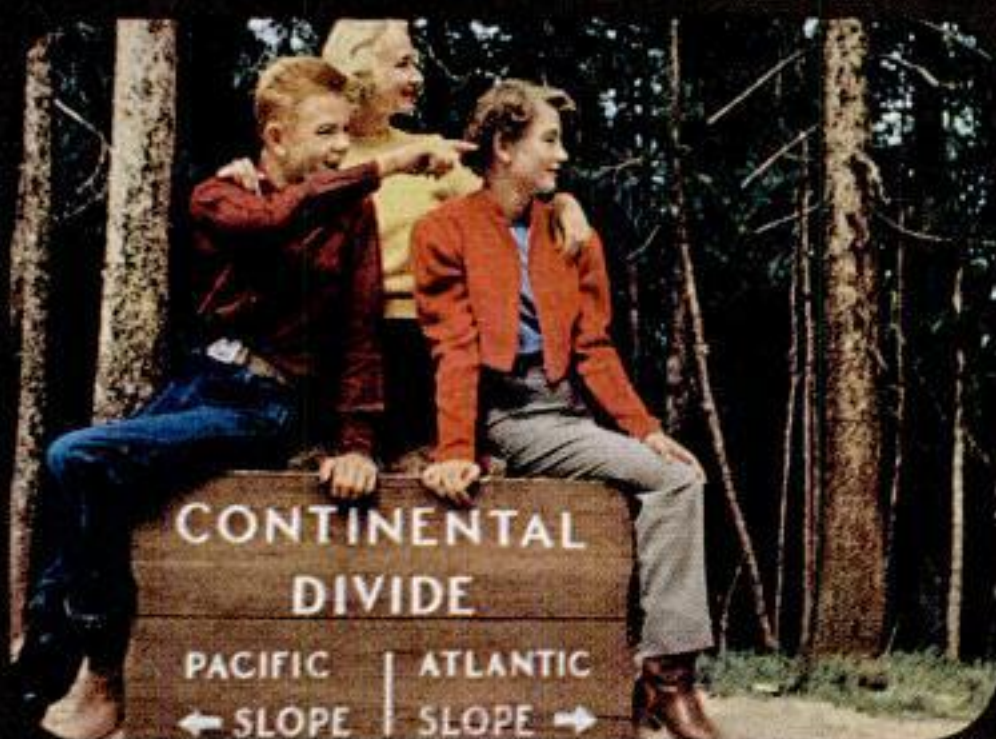
GARY at 180 pounds is fine defensive back, hopes to make Stanford team.

It's always vacation time in movies you make yourself



The days that mean most spring to life again . . . rounded and complete . . . in all their color, all their action, all their reality.

What a fascinating trip that was! Rather say what a fascinating trip it is . . . the best of it comes back . . . on the home movie screen.



Happy day, happy people . . . Movies are the pictures closest to reality. Your dear ones smile, they gesture, they *live*—in movies!

A golden day lives again in all its gaiety and color. Bright-hued vacation clothes, the sunny blue sky and water; movies capture it all.

In these precious reels you record not only your trips; but the children's growing-up years, the family reunions, the festivities of holidays . . .



The children grow up, marry, and move away; but you can bring them back for a visit whenever you will—in movies, real as life itself.

Your very first movies will delight you, depend on it. With a Kodak movie camera, they're as simple to make as snapshots.

Movies costly? Definitely not! Indeed, nowadays they are so easy to afford that a million and more families make them regularly.

The little movie you see on this page . . . made into seven full-length scenes in full color . . . need cost no more than a dollar. (Film processing *included!*)

Camera costs are well within reach, too. Kodak's new Brownie Movie Camera is priced at only \$44.50, and most dealers offer time payments. This camera operates as simply as a snapshot "Brownie" . . . makes crisp, clear movies with true Brownie ease.

Yes—easy to make, easy on the budget, easy to get started *this very week end*—that's home movies the easy Kodak way!

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Brownie Movie Camera, 8mm. (left) \$44.50. Built-in exposure guide; fine, fast $f/2.7$ lens. Cine-Kodak Royal Magazine Camera, 16mm. (right) \$181. Magazine loading; $f/1.9$ lens; single-frame and slow-motion movies, too; other luxury features. Accepts telephoto lenses.

Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice



Kodak
TRADE-MARK

EAST



5:27 A.M.

6:27 A.M.

7:27 A.M.

8:27 A.M.

24 HOURS OF SUN

PANORAMA SHOWS FULL SWEEP OF ARCTIC DAY

Throughout the continents of the earth where most of humanity is centered, the pace and pattern of man's living is governed by the endless, changeless rhythm of the rising and setting sun. But in the strange, silent wastelands of the polar regions—literally the ends of the earth—this celestial chronology is weirdly distorted: during the arctic winter the sun never rises; night runs headlong into night. In summer the sun never sets; dusk is transformed into dawn, and there is no darkness.



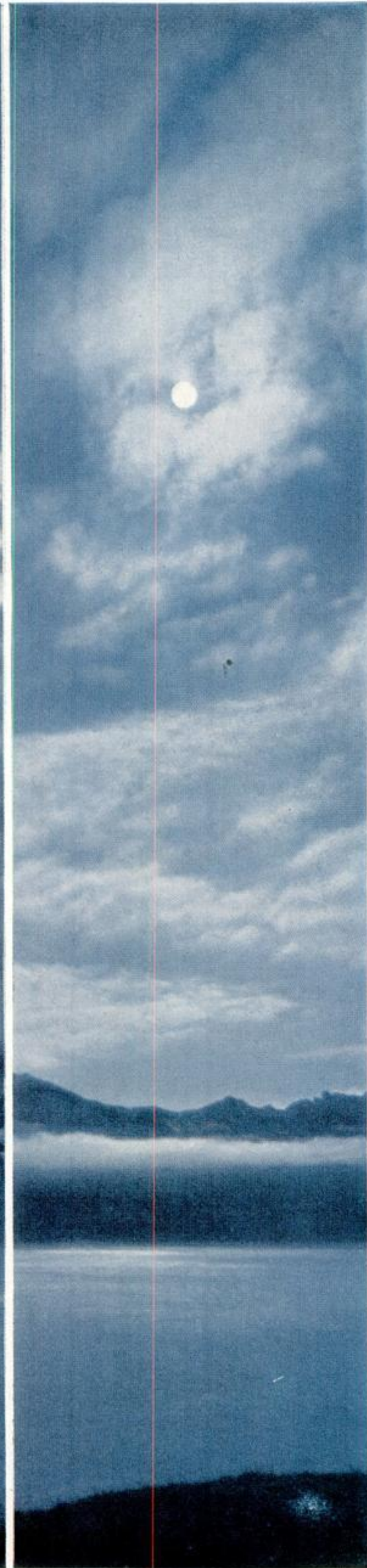
1:27 P.M.



2:27 P.M.



3:27 P.M.



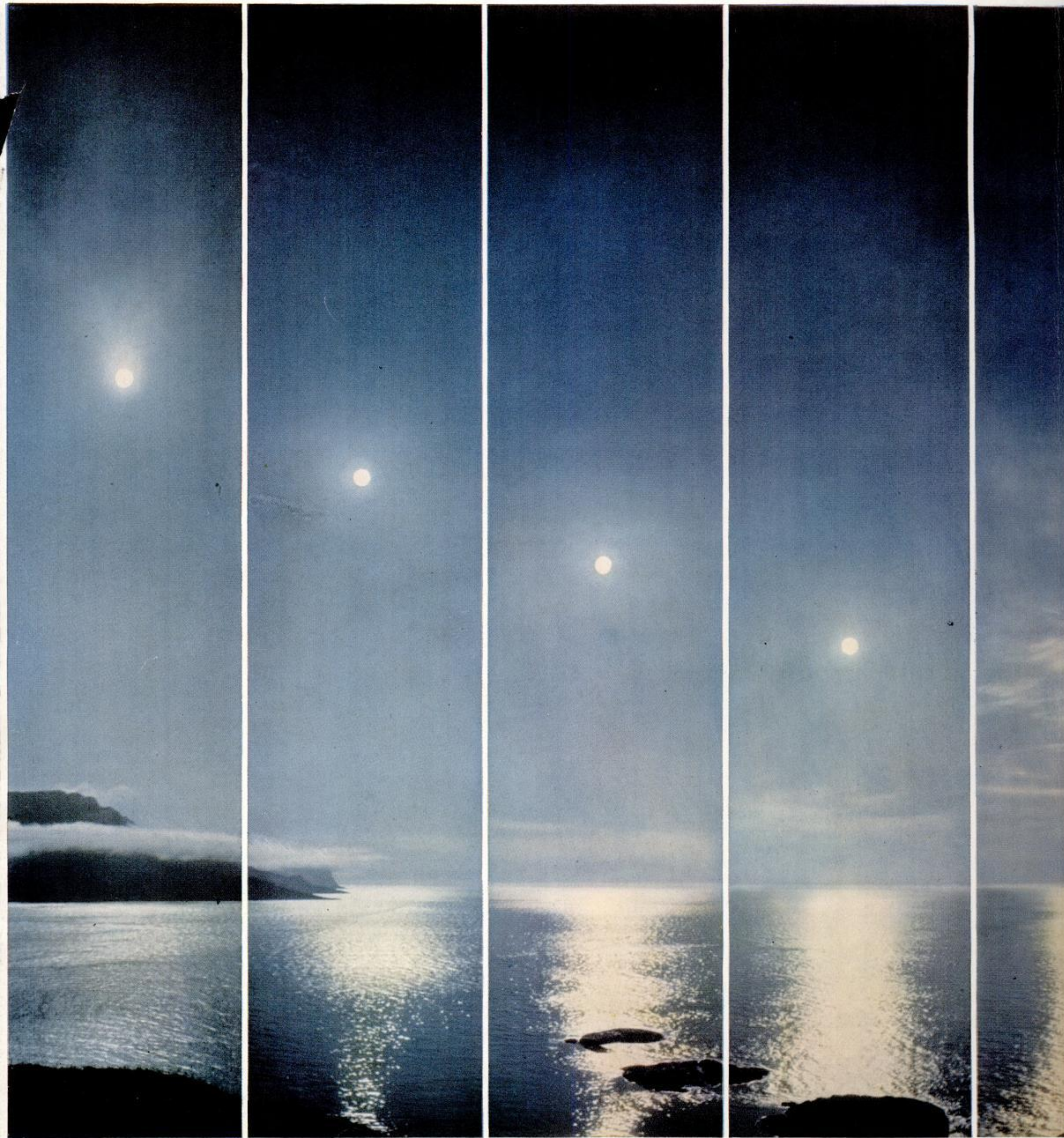
tered tent and a few staples from friendly islanders and camped on a high spot above the sea. They set up their camera, sighted it in on its fiery target and hurriedly reviewed their plans. They would take 24 pictures, one every hour at 27 minutes past the hour. In this way they would show the sun as it traveled in a complete circle around the horizon and also catch it at its highest and lowest points, which it would reach at 11:27 a.m. and 11:27 p.m. respectively.

At 27 minutes past 5 a.m. on June 25 they took their first picture.

During the 60 minutes between shots the two photographers took precise readings on changing light intensities and adjusted their camera accordingly. For several hours all went well, except that the sky became streaked with light clouds which sometimes almost obscured the sun. Toward noon black thunderheads began to move in. Suddenly, at 3 p.m., a storm broke. The men dismantled their

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WEST



4:27 P.M.

5:27 P.M.

6:27 P.M.

7:27 P.M.

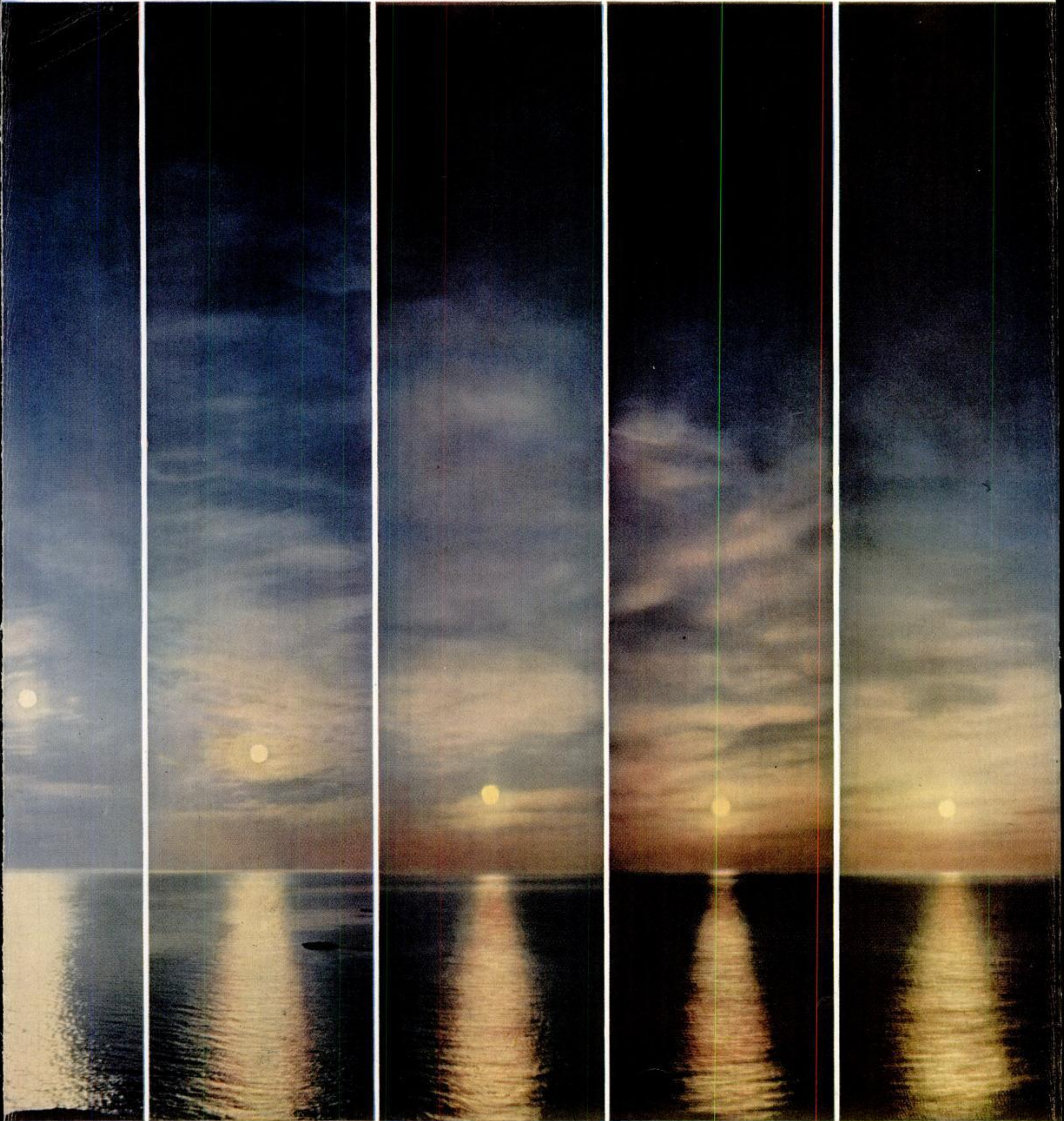
equipment, rushed it into the tent, then held down the tent itself to keep it from blowing away. In less than an hour the downpour was over, but the exact moment for taking the 11th picture (3:27 p.m.) had passed. Schulthess and Spühler spent that night in a fisherman's house. The next morning they set up their camera again, and at 3:27 p.m. on the 26th of June resumed their series of hourly photographs. This time the weather favored them. The sky was clear, and, despite

strong winds which threatened to push their heavy tripod out of position, they were able to complete the entire sequence of 24.

Back in Zürich the two photographers cropped their pictures so that each ended where the next began, giving a composite view of the sun's sweep from east through south, west and north, and back to east. The resulting panorama was first printed in the Swiss magazine *Du*.

Seen side by side on these pages the pictures seem to show that the

NORTH



3:27 P.M.

9:27 P.M.

10:27 P.M.

11:27 P.M.

12:27 A.M.

sun rises and falls with a wavelike motion. Actually it does not. If the photographs were arranged to form a cylinder, with the observer on the inside, it would be seen that the sun moves in a perfectly flat but somewhat tilted plane which lies closest to the horizon in the north and highest above it in the south.

The explanation of the arctic sun's strange travel (which is of course an illusion caused by our planet's turning) can be found in three facts about

the earth's own motions: 1) that it rotates on a north-south axis once every 24 hours; 2) that it circles the sun once every 365 days, moving in a flat plane which passes through the sun itself, and 3) that its axis is *not* perpendicular to this plane but is tilted 23.5° from the perpendicular. It is this slight tilt that brings nightless day to one pole and, simultaneously, dayless night to the other (*see drawing at right*). If the earth's axis were straight up and down, both poles would always be on the line dividing

SOUTH



9:27 A.M.



10:27 A.M.



11:27 A.M.



12:27 P.M.

To photograph the phenomenon of a nightless day lit through all its 24 hours by a never-setting sun, Emil Schulthess and Emil Spühler traveled from Zürich, Switzerland to the tiny island of Hekkingen off the northwest coast of Norway. Here they were well above the Arctic Circle, which marks the southern boundary of the lands of the midnight sun. They had timed their arrival for late June when the sun would swing highest above the horizon. And they had brought with them a device which

would solve the tricky photographic problem of taking pictures directly into the sun without ruining their film: a tiny disk of semi-opaque material, mounted on slender nylon threads in a frame in front of the camera's lens to mask the glowing sphere without dimming the rest of the scene. Weather permitting, they could count on recording for the first time a complete solar cycle.

On the sunny night of June 24 Schulthess and Spühler borrowed a tat-

TURN PAGE AND UNFOLD



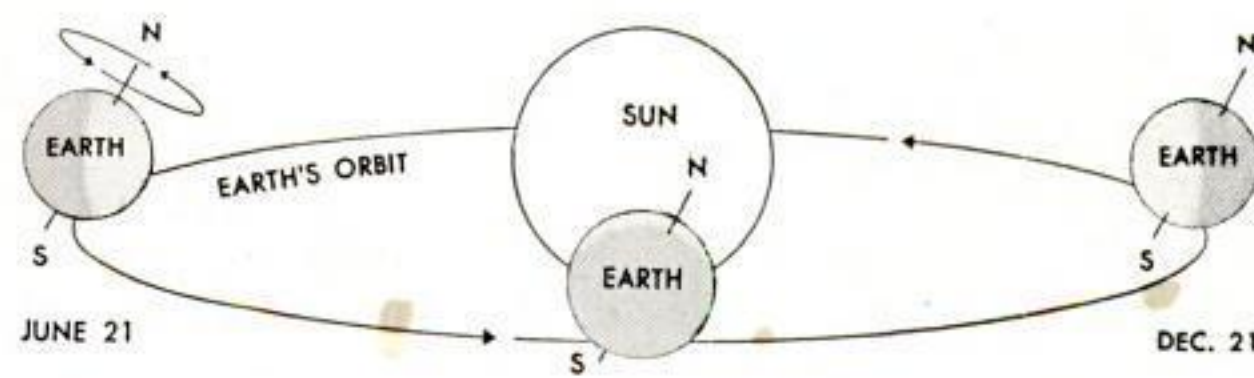
1:27 A.M.

2:27 A.M.

3:27 A.M.

4:27 A.M.

darkness from light and every other point on the globe would get exactly 12 hours of day and 12 of night. There would be no midnight sun and no seasons. But because it is tilted there are two periods during the earth's yearly circuit when one of the poles is inclined toward the sun and the other away from it. Thus, in summer, the north-polar regions are sunlit throughout their full rotation. In winter the South Pole is illuminated and the Arctic lies in darkness.





“Show Boat” Dancers

AN OLD MUSICAL FAVORITE IS ENLIVENED BY SOME CHAMPION DANCING

The time is 1890, the place a showboat on the Mississippi. Everybody knows what you will find there: Jerome Kern music, romance, laughter, tears. After two previous Hollywood versions of the operetta *Show Boat*, M-G-M has

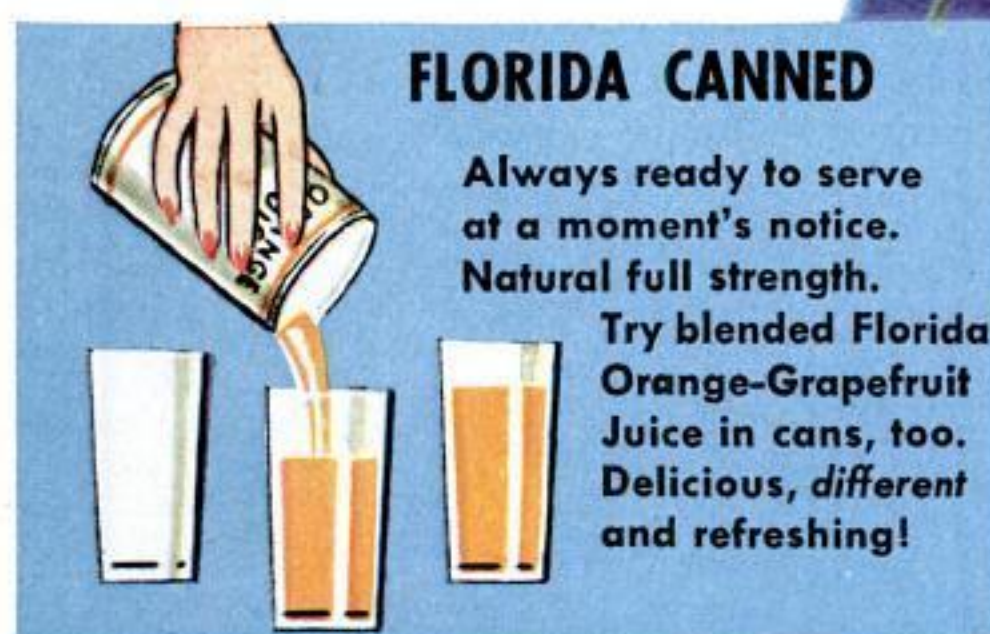
now made another, drenched with Technicolor and nostalgia. It's a lively version too, with a splendid rendition of *Ol' Man River* by William Warfield, a good one of *Why Do I Love You?* by Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel, and Ava

Gardner looking lovely when she isn't singing *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man*. Liveliest of all are Dancers Marge and Gower Champion, shown above in a pose as Gay Ninetyish as you can get, doing the Kern song *I Might Fall Back on You*.

Drink this much Florida Orange Juice every day!



Whee—It's Vitamin C!



At home or away—drink a full big glass of Florida Orange Juice every day this summer to get plenty of Vitamin C—one vitamin your body doesn't store up.

Florida Orange Juice helps you get the vitamins and minerals you need for bright-eyed energy—a sparkling smile. Don't take "half-measures" with those old-fashioned half-portion juice glasses. For a *full measure* of health—always drink a full big glass of Florida Orange Juice every single day!

FLORIDA *THEY'RE THE SWEETEST* ORANGES

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Frosty Foursome



Make them right...make them with **Gilbey's**

it's **dry**, naturally dry...it's **clear**, crystal clear...

it's the **right proof**, 90 proof, for perfect mixing...perfect taste.

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90 proof. 100% grain neutral spirits.
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People prefer **GILBEY'S GIN** ...the international favorite

Distilled and bottled in the United States, England, Canada, Australia, South Africa, France, Italy, Argentina, Brazil and Chile.

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on "Gilbey's Please"





A GUARD AT HIS POST AND A SEARCHLIGHT BURNING THROUGH THE NIGHT HELP SCARE COMMUNIST RAIDERS AWAY FROM A PLANTATION

MALAYA, THE FORGOTTEN WAR

No man's land is just beyond the searchlights. A famous novelist reports on a ceaseless struggle

by GRAHAM GREENE

Graham Greene, author of such well-known books as The Heart of the Matter and The Power and the Glory, is one of Britain's most distinguished novelists. Mr. Greene spent two and a half months in Malaya, on LIFE's assignment, gathering his material for the report that follows.

A CLOUD of moral disapprobation hangs over Malaya—how heavily one only realizes on arriving in Indo-China. To the Englishman war is a departure from the normal, like passion. To the Frenchman war is just a part of human life: it can be pleasant or unpleasant, like adultery. “*La vie sportive*”—that is how a French commandant described to me his life on a small landing craft in the

delta south of Saigon, hunting for Viet Minh guerrillas in the narrow channels, within easy mortar fire from either bank.

One must be fair. It is partly a question of geography. Malaya is nearer the equator; it steams away under the almost daily rainfall, sapping the energy of tired, overworked men, too few for the jobs that the emergency has produced: too few directors of labor, too few planters. Apart from the planters and the officials belonging to the Malayan Civil Service, most men are here on a short-term basis: in their minds they are on that boat going home. If the emergency were over (the government does not officially call it a war), release might come sooner. But the war (let me call it by the right name) shows no sign of ever

reaching a climax. While the whole world becomes excited over whether war is on or off in Korea, the forgotten war in Malaya goes on. There is the daily drip of casualties: 400 civilians had been killed in the first 11 months of last year, one guerrilla camp destroyed, one surrendered, three guerrillas shot and six escaped. The war is like a mist; it pervades everything; it saps the spirits; it won't clear.

In the Malayan forest it is difficult to distinguish men from the trees, and just as easily a background swallows the human being. I want to try to detach a few men from the heavy scene, for a country remains a collection of individual men, however their fate is molded and compelled by politics.

Of all civilians in Malaya the planter is in

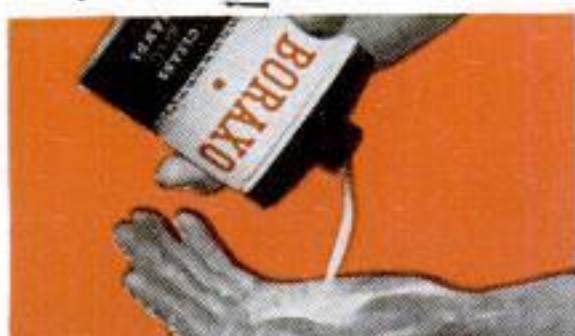
There goes the
DIRT-fast!



**BORAXO GETS OUT
DIRT PLAIN SOAP
CAN'T REACH!**



When your hands get dirty (and busy hands do!) . . .



Pour a little Boraxo in your moistened palm . . .



And presto! Hands are clean as can be in 30 seconds!

When it's dirt you're after, there's nothing like Boraxo to get hands *cleaner quicker!* Its special Borax-Soap Formula tackles every last bit of grime . . . and washes it away fast as you can say "Boraxo"! Yet, for all its wonderful cleaning powers, Boraxo leaves hands smooth, soft . . . it's as kind as fine toilet soap. Women in industrial plants depend on it daily. So do Mothers . . . to make children's grubby hands come clean . . . and spare the towels. Try it for yourself. Get Boraxo in the regular size or the *money-saving* one-pound can, for both kitchen and bathroom today.

ANOTHER FAMOUS "20 MULE TEAM" PRODUCT



RIFLES ARE SLUNG ON SHOULDERS, AUTOMATIC PISTOLS PROTRUDE

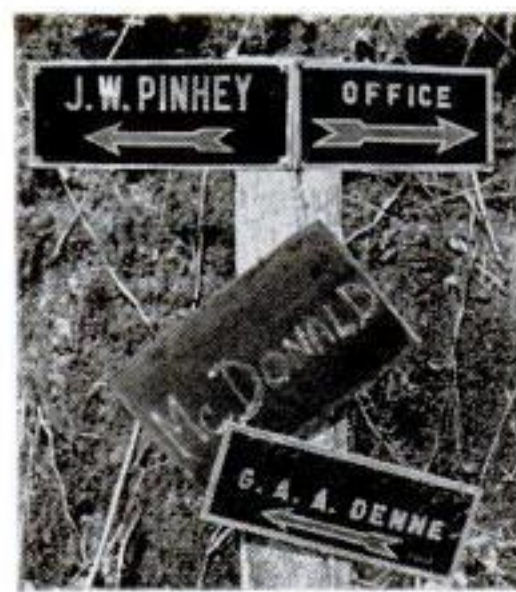
MALAYA CONTINUED

the position of greatest danger. One aim of the Communist commandos is to ruin the country economically, to make it a territory not worth while maintaining, and the wealth of Malaya is chiefly tin and rubber. A tin mine compared to a rubber estate is relatively easy to defend, and so the main attack is directed against the planter. Who is the planter?

I had an idea before I went to Malaya, an idea picked up from an unsympathetic press, of a group of men, the harsh overseers of great capitalist enterprises, intransigent, unconstructive exploiters of native labor, drinking stengah after stengah in the local club, probably in the Somerset Maugham manner making love to each other's wives. But when one has lived a very short time in Malaya one learns that there is no such thing as the Planter—there is only X or Y.

Take X. He lives with his wife in a small house of two floors surrounded by barbed wire, the ground lit at night by searchlights as far as the first trees. He is a man of late middle age, a former prisoner of the Japanese, who might about now have been looking forward to the final, easier, more prosperous years. He is a great hunter, and

much of his time might have been given to his work as a game warden (for elephants have to be contended with as well as Communists, and one block of his plantation about the size of Trafalgar Square has been devastated by them as though by bombs—not a tree left standing).



NEW MANAGER of a plantation posts sign above those of his murdered predecessors.

But the life that remains for him is very different—if one can call life this slow approach of inevitable violence. He has no assistant, for his assistant was murdered on the estate some months ago, and he cannot get another. Night and day the telephone rings at half-hour intervals from the nearest village to make sure the line has not been cut and that he can communicate if attacked.

He was ambushed last year only a mile from his house but shot his way out and saved his wounded companions. Recently Communists came into the estate to question his tappers about his movements (his assistant made the mistake of visiting the blocks of the estate in regular order at a regular time). When he moves outside the wire, if only to the estate office a hundred yards away, he carries a Sten gun over his arm, an automatic pistol on his hip and two hand grenades at his belt. A man of great courage, vitality and a kind of buccaneering kindness, he will not contemplate retirement—he is in the front line for life and there is no expectation of peace but death. The closest to peace is an occasional visit to relatively safe, bureaucratic Kuala Lumpur, the capital.



FROM THE POCKETS OF PLANTERS LINING A BAR AT KUALA LUMPUR

Who can be surprised if he drinks a brandy and ginger ale for breakfast instead of coffee? "Dutch courage," he says, pushing the starter of the little inadequately armored car, setting out for a round of the estate or moving slowly out at the blind corner past which the road to the village runs and where one day, from the jungle opposite, a Sten gun will almost certainly open fire. In the village a glass of warm beer with the ambiguous Chinese shopkeeper, surrounded by Chinese candles and chests of tea, who buys his cheap rubber and acts as his banker (paying out \$10,000 at sight)—and perhaps reports his movements. Then a pink gin or two at the Rest House, where the army officers live, before he drives back along the lonely two-mile stretch, slows down at the turn before that jungle wall, 10 seconds of stretched nerves, and then the false security of the rubber plantation, where death is just as likely to happen but where at least you can see it coming from some way between the gray monotonous uniform trunks. Perhaps he is half an hour late in returning, and his wife waits with the anger of love for the sound of the engine, until he is safely back in the prison of wire. That night the radio announces the murder of three more planters.

Or take B, who is another civilian doing his peacetime job in the atmosphere of emergency. He is not a planter but a traffic superintendent at an important railway junction, where the East Coast Railway joins the line that runs from Kuala Lumpur to Singapore: a big broad man with an unexpected taste for books, a sensitivity in human relations (all his assistants are Indian) and a patience I never saw impaired. He looks like a sergeant major and behaves like a doctor.

The East Coast Railway ends in the state of Pahang. The Japanese destroyed the farther reaches of the line and this section is being laid down again—with rather mixed feelings, for already it is impossible to maintain safe service on the line that exists. The night mail on the southern Singapore line has been abandoned altogether; on the East Coast line eight engines are out of commission, I don't know how many freight cars. In one year there were 49 derailments on the whole system. As with the casualties among planters, most armies would find it hard to maintain their morale at this percentage of loss. A railway notice in each compartment conveys in English, Malay, Tamil and Chinese the ordinariness of the situation:

WARNING: TERRORISM

IN THE EVENT OF FIRING ON THE LINESIDE
PASSENGERS ARE ADVISED TO LIE ON THE FLOOR AND IN
NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD THEY LEAVE THE TRAIN

I spent a few days with B in January. His house faces the inevitable jungle 100 yards away; barbed wire, a police sentry, the sense of constriction. Then the rains came, the worst for 25 years. To bandits was added the problem of floods, washouts, landslides. One had a sense of unfairness, as when a serious incident occurred during a blitz in one's own civil defense area, and then the raids just

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Custom Coupe de Ville designed by Richard Arbib for the VEEDOL "Dream Car" Salon



FOUND WHEREVER FINE CARS TRAVEL

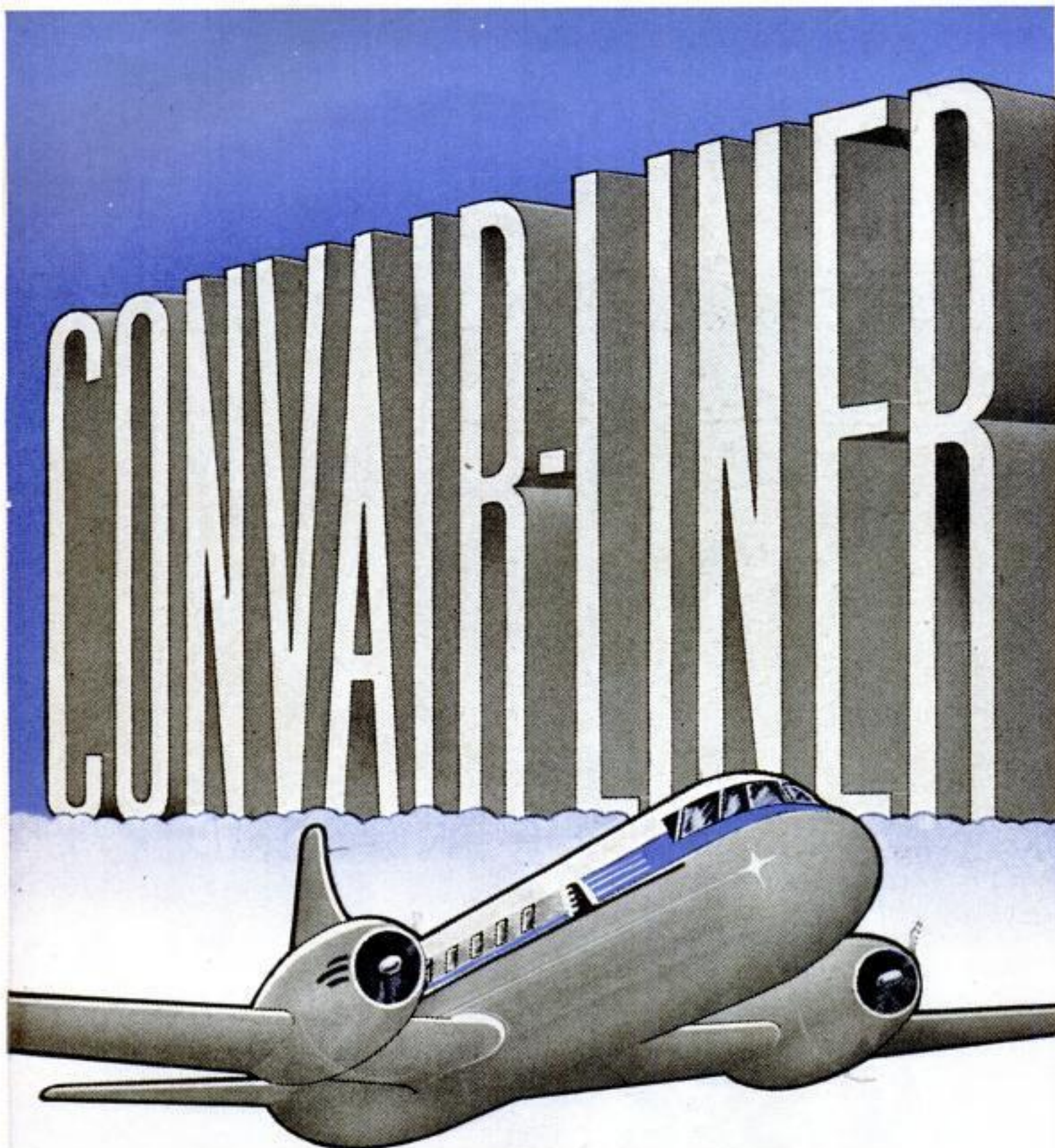


NEW VEEDOL

The World's Most Famous Motor Oil

You get far more than "premium-type" motor oil performance in New VEEDOL Motor Oil. Scientific additives in VEEDOL's highly stable 100% Pennsylvania "Film of Protection" guard against bearing corrosion, keep your motor safer, cleaner, smoother-running. Start your car on New VEEDOL today.





THE CHOICE OF 20 Airlines—

***More Airlines Have Ordered
More Convair-Liners Than
Any Other Modern Transport!***

The T-29—a military version of the Convair-Liner—is being ordered and operated in increasing numbers by the U.S. Air Force. And the Allison Convair-Turboliner, America's original turboprop transport, is still another "first" for the Convair-Liner design.

No air transport has ever equalled the Convair-Liner in safety, dependability and operational economy!



CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
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MALAYA CONTINUED

went on instead of ending there. God, one felt, should allot each man one problem at a time.

Here is the schedule of the two allies, the Communists and nature, for a couple of days. The first move was nature's.

Friday, 10 a.m. One landslide on the southern line to Singapore. The morning mail train from Kuala Lumpur however had just got through, so nature had to move again. 2 p.m. Two more landslides to the south. By this time the breakdown train with a guard of troops was off to try to clear the line for the next morning's train.

At intervals through the night I could hear the telephone ringing—I was reminded of the planter's house. At 1 a.m. on Saturday the power plant was flooded and electricity failed. At 2:15 a.m. the Communists emerged from the jungle and derailed the breakdown train. At 4 a.m. the junction was completely cut off by road and the East Coast line was cut by floods. By breakfast time the water supply had failed—an odd added discomfort in the pouring rain. Even the station a quarter of a mile away must now be reached by wading. To the north a new landslide had taken place.

In the evening we waded through to the station and sat in the little refreshment room by the light of candles while the messages came in. Even the signal boxes were lit only dimly by oil lamps; figures disappeared in the dark of the long platform, and the whole obscure station and its wet acres had a strangely Victorian air as though electricity had not yet come into use. At 6 p.m. there was a washout to the south, and another landslide to the north. At 8:45 p.m. an East Coast train was derailed—by floods this time, not Communists. All the labor of the little town had to be called in to load freight cars with ballast by the light of lamps, but was there enough labor, enough ballast, enough freight cars? And at intervals the big patient man padded away and padded back to his glass, laughing at the wet, the cold, the enemy, waiting unruffled for the next telegram of disaster. One talks in terms of soldiers and civilians, but there was never a better soldier than B. This campaign was as serious as the long plodding search in the jungle, his troops were ambushed by floods as well as commandos, and like a good officer he was loved by his men. So often in Kuala Lumpur I found myself thinking: if only government officials could work as these men, X and B, worked, but perhaps you do not find courage where there is no danger, and love, too, may be a product of active war.

THE nature of this war has been little understood abroad.¹ It is not a nationalist war; 95% of the enemy combatants are Chinese and of the few Malays in the jungle the greater part are Indonesian terrorists. I visited Kelantan, a state where the Malays are in an overwhelming majority, and it was like visiting a foreign land. Here was peace: you could walk at will unarmed; no need for convoys on the road; there was an air of happiness and content; the clothes were brighter; even the sun seemed to shine more brightly because the jungle had, literally, receded. How tired one had become of that dark green hostile wall: the jungle is no longer neutral.

Our British consciences can be clear—we are not holding down Malaya: we are fighting a straightforward war against Communism and its Chinese adherents, and it is a more serious war than the use in the press of the word bandit suggests. Bandits could not year after year survive the hard jungle life as these men do: a few thousand bandits could not continue to operate against 100,000 armed Malayan police and 25,000 British, Gurkha and Malay troops. These men are the commandos of Communism, organized like a Russian division, with their political branches, their educational branches, their political commissars, their tireless and industrious intelligence service. No one knows where their GHQ lies—perhaps in one of the cities, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, perhaps even in the old and relatively peaceful city of Malacca—but the leader is known. He fought the Japanese in World War II and marched in the Victory Parade in London. For security reasons he cannot be named.

One must have spent at least a few days in the Malayan jungle to realize its difficulties and its tediums. A far denser jungle than that of Burma, it restricts movement to perhaps a mile an hour. Visibility is sometimes 20 feet. Almost every day water pours down upon it, making the steep slippery slopes of the innumerable hills a cruel effort to climb. One is never dry and at night one is never in quiet—the ugly din of birds with their barnyard cries comes between the newcomer and sleep. When you pause for a halt on the march you see the leeches make for your boots—thin matchsticks looping with blind purpose across the wet leaves, later to swell into fat gray slugs if they find an opening in your clothing. And always there is the jungle stench—the heavy odor of decaying vegetation. It clings to your clothes. When you come out, your friends will avoid you if they can until you have bathed and changed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

FELLOWS! GALS! Ted Williams invites you to name his new car and WIN ALL-EXPENSE TRIPS TO WORLD SERIES for you, your family and friends!

Easy to win! Just name the new Sports Car
powered by Nash "Dual Jetfire" engine
custom-built for Ted Williams!

Two-passenger European-type sports car designed for Ted Williams by internationally famous William Flajole & Associates. Low-slung—only 38 inches from road to hood top! Over-all length 170 inches, width 66 inches. Powered by new "Dual Jetfire" Nash Ambassador 6-cylinder high-compression engine. Adjustable steering wheel. Scoop cooling over head lamps. Bumper and grille combined in one unit. Folding fabric top. Body panels and many structural parts are aluminum. Engine and major mechanical parts by Nash Motors. Custom-building by Flajole-Kehrig.



With each entry include paper disc you find
under the cap of a can of Johnson's Car-Plate—
the sensational new discovery that waxes
any car in 20 minutes without rubbing!

Imagine sitting in a reserved seat at the first two World Series games this fall as a guest of Ted Williams! Not only you, but five of your family and friends!

All your expenses will be paid—round-trip plane or train fare from wherever you live to the city where the first two games will be played! Three nights' accommodations in a luxury hotel! Meals in famous restaurants! Spending money for sight-seeing and incidentals!

Just imagine! That's the Grand Prize in Car-Plate's sensational "Name Ted Williams' Car" contest!

Second prize winner gets the same glorious trip for a party of four!

There are four third prizes—each one a World Series all-expense trip for a party of three!

Fourth and fifth prize winners get 12 big cash awards—and there are also 1000 other valuable prizes!

It's so easy to enter this contest you'll hardly believe it. Just think of a name for the stunning new sports car, custom-built for Ted Williams! A name like Speed King or Ted's Jetliner might win. These are just suggestions. You'll have better ideas. Think hard! Originality counts!

All you have to do to enter is to send in the paper disc you find under the cap of a can of Johnson's Car-Plate—the great new waxing discovery for cars!

Dad will be glad to buy the Car-Plate so kids can enter the contest. Waxing a car with Car-Plate is so easy it's fun! It takes only 20 minutes and you don't have to rub at all. Just spread Car-Plate on the clean finish—let it dry—then wipe lightly. That's all you do to get the brightest, smoothest, longest-lasting wax job you've ever seen!

Let's go! Get your can of Johnson's Car-Plate today at any service station or wax dealer's—and mail in your suggested name for Ted Williams' car!

TED WILLIAMS SAYS:

Car-Plate scores a homer in my league. I wish you could see the long-lasting sparkle this easy—does-it wax put on my Sports Car that I want you to name!

How to win \$200 cash bonus prize in addition to all-expense World Series trip!

Wouldn't you like to win \$200 spending money in addition to your all-expense trip to the World Series? You can qualify for this special cash bonus prize if you send in with your entry the paper disc from under the cap of a can of Johnson's Carnu[†] in addition to the disc from a Car-Plate can. Then if you are one of the 6 winners of World Series prize trips, you also win a \$200 cash prize—to spend on new clothes or for anything else you want!

† Johnson's Carnu is the quick, efficient cleaner that is recommended to condition your car for waxing with Car-Plate. Just rub it on and wipe it off—the finish is super-clean—a perfect surface for applying Car-Plate. For exceptionally dirty cars, ask your dealer for Johnson's Heavy-Duty Cleaner.



FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES TO WIN!

1. Print or write clearly your suggested name for Ted Williams' custom-built sports car. Use coupon in this advertisement, plain piece of paper or entry blank from your service station or dealer.
2. Print your own name and address on each entry. Include also name and address of the dealer from whom you bought Car-Plate.
3. Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name suggested on separate entry blank.
4. With each entry enclose the paper disc from inside the cap of a Car-Plate can. To be eligible for the \$200 cash bonus awarded to World Series all-expense trip winners, also enclose paper disc from inside cap of can of Carnu.
5. Mail entries to Car-Plate World Series Contest, Box 6970, Chicago 77, Ill.
6. Entries for the contest must be postmarked before midnight Sept. 1, 1951, and must be received by Sept. 8, 1951. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., assumes no responsibility for entries lost or delayed in the mail. Entries with inadequate postage will not be considered. You accept conditions of all rules when you enter.
7. All prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than one prize. Complete list of winners sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope at close of contest.
8. Prizes as listed elsewhere in this advertisement** will be awarded to the contestants whose name suggestions are considered most original, most unique and most apt by the judges. Judges' decision is final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become property of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.
9. Any person living in the continental limits of the United States** may enter this contest—except employees of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.
- **10. There is a separate Car-Plate Contest in Canada. See Canadian newspapers for details and prizes.

1018 PRIZES IN ALL!

GRAND FIRST PRIZE—All-expense trip to World Series for party of 6!*

SECOND PRIZE—All-expense trip to World Series for party of 4!*

4 THIRD PRIZES—All-expense trips to World Series for parties of 3!*

*Includes all travel expenses no matter where you live, hotels, meals, incidentals and reserved seats for the first two World Series games!

4 FOURTH PRIZES—each \$400 cash!

8 FIFTH PRIZES—each \$100 cash!

1000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!

FOR BOYS sending in the 500 next best names, prizes will be: 100 Ted Williams Pro Model fielder's gloves; 200 Ted Williams baseball bats; 200 Official League Williams personally autographed by Ted Williams.

FOR GIRLS sending in the 500 next best names, prizes will be: 100 Arvin radios, Rainbow model with exclusive "Velvet Voice" which sell at \$18.95; 400 World Series sterling silver charm bracelets with 4 delicately fashioned charms—a bat, baseball, fielder's glove and catcher's mask, beautifully polished and valued at \$10.00.



CLIP THIS ENTRY BLANK

Mail to Car-Plate World Series Contest, Box 6970, Chicago 77, Illinois. Enclose the paper disc from inside cap of Johnson's Car-Plate. To be eligible for special \$200 cash bonus prize, also enclose paper disc from inside cap of Johnson's Carnu. L-7
My suggested name for Ted Williams' car _____

My name is _____

My address is _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I bought Car-Plate at _____

Dealer's address _____ (Address) (City) (State)

Send in as many entries as you can!

Get additional entry blanks from your dealer or use plain sheet of paper.

again this August it's
Cannon Color



Give your bathroom and your bedroom

Smart time to outfit your bathroom in brand-new Cannon towels — now that August values are beckoning at stores! Just the sight of these shining-fresh colors suggests magic schemes — mixtures of pastels, contrasts with bold deep tones! All in towels with the soft, fleecy feel of Cannon's "Beauti-Fluff" — with matching face towels and washcloths to complete the picture, priced for budget-watchers, too!

Decorator's tip: Dress your bathroom and bedroom in twin pastels — Cannon's 18 exciting towel shades are cleverly planned to match and mix with Cannon's "Water Color" sheets!



Towels • Sheets • Stockings • Blankets • Bedspreads Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City 13

Cannon Towels

Magic Time!



a "go-together" Cannon scheme!

Wonderful news for thrifty you — you can do your bedroom up bright in Cannon "Water Color" sheets and take advantage of August's special buys! Such heavenly shades it's hard to choose — there's half a dozen of them! Heiress-quality, too — for they're Cannon's Combspun* Percale, fine combed cotton beauties! And, of course, every single shade is color-fast for happy washing!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Bright idea: Make your own draperies, dressing-table skirt, dust ruffles from extra Cannon sheets — they're yards-long, yards-wide, and yours for little money!

Cannon Combspun* Percale Sheets

Never More Important than Now.

Mobiloil PROTECTION

***Around the World More Cars are
Protected by Mobiloil than by
Any Other Brand!***

Why Accept Anything Less?

Get the world's largest-selling motor oil—
and money-saving Mobil-Care for your car!

See Your Mobilgas Dealer



Get Mobiloil
at Service Stations,
Car Dealers, Garages



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Need a meal
with "Man Appeal"?



Eat **HEARTY**-with Franco-American Spaghetti!

When that hard-workin' husband of yours comes home — and you want a good, hearty dish that'll make him eat hearty — serve Franco-American Spaghetti! It's the finest spaghetti in a savory tomato and Cheddar cheese sauce. So quick and easy for you — and so thrifty, too! Only pennies a portion. Get Franco-American Spaghetti today!



**JUST HEAT...
AND
EAT HEARTY!**

America's
Largest
Selling
Sloe
Gin



60 Proof — Mr. Boston Distiller Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

**HOW TO
REMEMBER
GINNIE and LOU**

Watch for...
--their pictures
--their names
--and bobby pins with
the Hi-Test Flex



STA-RITE Ginnie Lou, Inc. • Shelbyville, Illinois



FIGHTING THE JUNGLE, Gurkha troops slither quietly through the tangled underbrush, carrying all their supplies with them, on a search for bandits.

MALAYA CONTINUED

THERE are many British units operating in Malaya—the Royal Fusiliers, the Royal Marines, the Worcestershires, the Seaforth Highlanders, to name only a few—and if I take my example from the Gurkha Rifles it is only because they were hospitable enough to have me with them on one of their smallest routine operations in Pahang. The enemy however does distinguish between the Gurkhas and its other opponents. A captured intelligence report exhibits a rather unfair contempt for the Malay Regiment. British troops are described as courageous but noisy—they can be heard coming a long way off—while the Gurkhas are ferocious and silent.

The Gurkha is a mercenary. His vocation is to kill his official enemy, and perhaps because he has a genuine vocation he is extremely tractable. There is no woman trouble with the Gurkhas—they carry with them to their cantonments a happy, domesticated life of wives and children. In return for their pay the Gurkhas give their British officers absolute loyalty, and their officers return them a quality of love you will not find in any other unit. Officers of the British Army complain that their colleagues in the Gurkhas never stop talking of their men. Their men are their passion.

A Gurkha patrol works by the compass, and not by paths. It moves as the crow flies, but far less comfortably. The RAF had bombed a certain area and 200 Communist commandos were believed to be milling around somewhere within those particular map squares. One Gurkha platoon of 14 men under a British officer was considered a sufficiently strong reconnaissance. The patrol struck straight out through the kitchen quarters, through the thin belt of rubber, into the jungle. Only nine miles separated us from our objective, the main road on the other side of the block of jungle, but it took two and a half days of walking and two nights to get there. We had started late and we began to camp after five hours' march. When our position was plotted we had penetrated rather more than three miles. There had been an interminable succession of 500-foot hills, the slippery laterite slopes set at an angle of almost 45°. Even the Gurkha sometimes slips and falls as he holds himself up by the branches of trees, the rubber soles of his jungle boots taking no grip in the mud and slime of leaves.

The track of the enemy

EXPERIENCE has justified this arduous compass trail. If you patrol by paths you avoid the worst hills, which sometimes rise in this area to 2,000 feet, and you never have to carve your way through the undergrowth, but you are staking all on finding tracks on the one path you follow. The Gurkha technique means that in the course of a day you cut across many paths in your search for signs of the enemy; a newly broken bamboo with the juice still wet may be the only indication.

The march is halted by 4:30 to allow time for camp to be made before dark. First the sentry posts are chosen, then with their kukris (that wonderful all-purpose weapon) boughs are cut, shelters made for the men in pairs with one ground sheet stretched overhead to keep out the night rains and one laid on the bed of branches and leaves, a clearing made for the radio with its aerial tossed up to a height of 100 feet. Darkness has begun to fall when the kukri becomes a can opener. In a can about 9x4x3 inches is the Gurkha ration—rice, raisins, curry powder, tea, sugar and a little spirit

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

**MEN AND WOMEN SAY
NO OTHER SHAMPOO
USED GIVES YOU THAT**

Clean

Removes
Goosey
Hair Dressings...



Clean

Removes
Loose, Itchy
Dandruff...



Fitch

Cleans Thoroughly
In One
Lathering...



Feeling

Makes Scalp
Feel Tingly
Clean!



**SWITCH TO
FITCH
DANDRUFF REMOVER
SHAMPOO**

THE REASON: Only Fitch is applied to dry hair undiluted... lathers from the scalp up... doesn't wash dirt in... actually floats out deep dirt. Try it today and feel the difference.



Here's the NET OF IT!



"A HAUL LIKE THAT
MAKES YOU FEEL
GOOD, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE, AND IT WILL
BE PROPERLY CELEBRATED,
TOO, WITH BLACK & WHITE—
THE SCOTCH WHOSE
QUALITY AND CHARACTER
NEVER CHANGE!"



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS



JUNGLE SKIRMISH ENDS as troops of the British First Devonshire Regiment file into a clearing with the body of a dead guerrilla draped over a pole.

MALAYA CONTINUED

lamp with hard fuel for cooking. The small flames glow like nursery night lights in the dark. My companion stands upright listening, but not for Communists. He whispers, "There is one bird I always listen for—at dark and at dawn. There it is. Like a bell. Do you hear it?" I could hear nothing but the clamor of the jungle barnyard. At 6 in the morning he is standing by our bed in the new mud of the night's downpour. "There. Do you hear it?" he whispers. "Like a bell."

And so after two and a half days' heavy marching and scrambling with no result but the discovery of two abandoned camps, one emerges nine miles from where one started—two little buttons can be added to the map in the operations room, that is all; no sign even of the air strike except an empty shell and a landslide that might have been caused by rain; a routine patrol, routine leeches, routine fatigue and a routine stench.

But we could bathe and change, while for the Communist troops in their wet green prison there is no change.

And so to keep the spirits up they have the lectures, the courses in Marxism, the hectographed *Lenin News* and the *Red Star*, the meetings for self-criticism. What an odd, humorless, naive contrast it is to the remorseless terrorism. We can build up a picture of this life from captured documents. We learn of Lee Kheng who is "not hygienic enough"; of Ah Chye who "possesses the friendly group spirit"; of Lau Beng who is a little lazy, slipshod in his studies and "not too agreeable" in his behavior (he is sometimes "fearful of the situation" and his comrades regard him as "rather immature").

Love is treated with a rather stern sympathy (the jungle troops include many women). We learn from a captured copy of the *Lenin News* that male and female comrades who are not married are not allowed to stay together, but in special cases permission may be obtained from the higher authorities. "We do not prohibit anybody making love. [The Party has resolved the question of love before.] But such love must be proper. Once love is established, one should report it to the organization and the exact circumstances. The matter will have to undergo the organization's investigation, then both parties will be informed in accordance with the resolution." Questions are set for discussion.

1. Why is the love of Communists a serious instinct?
2. What is the proper view of love?
3. Are the present few kinds of improper love still appearing in our area?
4. Under what circumstances are they appearing?
5. What is the cause?
6. What is our attitude towards love?
7. How are we to overcome improper love? How deal with it?

It is strange to think of such questions written in that script running backwards in a beautiful formal pattern that seems to the un-instructed eye nearly unchanged since that made by the brush of the poet Mei Sheng when, 2,090 years ago, he wrote this of love (as translated by Ezra Pound):

Blue, blue, is the grass about the river
And the willows have overfilled the close garden.
And within, the mistress, in the midmost of her youth,
White, white of face, hesitates, passing the door.
Slender, she puts forth a slender hand. . . .

What has happened to China?



JUNGLE CAMP FOLLOWERS found with Communist guerrillas in jungle are crestfallen as they wait, hands tied behind their backs, to be taken to jail.

Perhaps this is a greater mystery than the combination of these naive idealist discussions and acts of terrorism; history has taught us to be familiar with that kind of schizophrenia. We are back in the age of the religious wars. But we cannot picture this slow, dreary Malayan conflict without strange contrasts. A patrol finds a lone guerrilla apparently engaged in a literary exercise—holographed sentences in which he had to spot and correct mistakes. A planter and his wife have driven into the Kuala Lumpur Club to a Scottish dinner, with "Scotch Broth, Salmon Frae the Dee, A Wee Bit Haggis, Champit Tatties and Bashed Neeps, Moor O'Dinnet Special, Sugar Peas and Roast Potatoes, Balmoral Sundae." Had they reached that wee bit haggis when the news was brought them that their 2-year-old daughter had been shot by Chinese Communists at point-blank range? "The Party has resolved the question of love."

This is the work of the Chinese commandos, but you cannot measure the enemy's strength only by the few thousand fighters who emerge from the jungle to shoot up a car or a patrol, to murder a planter, to derail a train. Their strength is estimated at between 3,000 and 5,000. In this dense country one numbers casualties on the fingers—the death of a dozen Communists is a major victory and they have no difficulty in acquiring new members. Their real strength lies in the unarmed combatants of the ground organization known as the Min Yuen. Here we are on speculative ground, but it is unlikely that this organization runs into less than six figures. Its main responsibility is supply, but it is employed also for intelligence, propaganda and liaison work, and it is responsible—perhaps that is its chief success—for the suspicion which rises everywhere like the mist from the saturated Malayan soil. Don't mention what time you are leaving on the telephone—the operator may be a member of the Min Yuen. Don't talk about your movements in front of your waiter or your room boy. Do you remember that young resettlement officer they killed last month? He told his Chinese taxi girl where he was going next day.

In Indo-China they have at least the satisfaction that in the north they are fighting a real war. You can be encouraged by success; even a defeat is something you can define in the form of a lost post or a decimated company. In Malaya the real successes may never be recognized, and defeat is in the minds of men. You cannot win the Malayan war by military force: with the jungle against you, you can only contain the enemy until other measures succeed.

The squatters move

THE most important weapon is starvation. No one can subsist on the jungle, and any large cultivated area will be spotted sooner or later by air reconnaissance. It is here that the Briggs Plan, if thoroughly accomplished and efficiently maintained, offers hope. The main sources of the terrorists' food supply are the Chinese squatter areas—patches of unauthorized cultivation on the edge of the jungle. The squatters are not necessarily Communist sympathizers, though it is hard to see what they can possibly lose by a Communist victory. But who of us would refuse food to a terrorist at the point of a bayonet? Following the Briggs Plan, these squatters are being brought together into new villages which can be surrounded with wire and properly policed. The old huts are burnt. The squatters are provided with building materials or houses, a small sum of money and a legal tenure of their new land.

It is a formidable task. There are about 400,000 squatters to settle; there is a shortage of wire and transport (trucks have to be

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

See why **RCA VICTOR** is America's fastest-selling television...



17-inch RCA VICTOR Regency. Beautiful full-length doors fold way back. Cabinet in mahogany or walnut finish with phono-jack for a record changer attachment. Ask for RCA Victor model 7T123.

See sharp, clear pictures...

RCA Victor's new, extra-powerful picture-pickup means *best possible* reception.

See Million Proof performance

... quality already proven in *millions* of homes under every possible operating condition.

See styling to match...

in the finest Regency tradition, beautiful, open or closed. See other RCA Victor Million Proof receivers priced from as little as \$219.95.

And remember—only RCA Victor owners can buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract for expert installation and maintenance. Buy it with your set. If you already own an RCA Victor set *without this protection*, call the RCA Service Company for a maintenance contract now.

Tune in "The Private Files of Rex Saunders" with Rex Harrison on NBC radio. Consult your newspaper for day and time.

Price shown is suggested list price and includes Federal Tax. Subject to change without notice and to Government Price Ceiling Regulations. Slightly higher in the Far West and South.

RCA VICTOR
Division of Radio Corporation of America

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO... FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC... FIRST IN TELEVISION

Greatest Advance in Home Waving Convenience

Bobbi

PIN-CURL HOME WAVE

Easiest! Quickest! Just pin curls and BOBBI...
No curlers! No blocking! No re-setting!

with BOBBI just do this—



1 Just put up your hair in pin curls. Apply BOBBI creme-oil waving lotion. BOBBI conditions your hair as it waves.



2 Neutralize your pin curls 45 minutes later. No test curls. One easy timing, same directions for all, with BOBBI.



3 And have a beautiful BOBBI wave! No re-setting. Just brush out your pin curls when they are dry... and have a soft, easy-to-manage BOBBI wave.

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a beautiful BOBBI Wave—all by yourself!

with BOBBI skip all this—



No plastic curlers to fool with



No end papers or rubber bands



No re-setting after neutralizing

Yes, you can give yourself *this* wonderful new home wave without any help. You do it with just pin curls—and BOBBI. You'll love this new BOBBI formula! It's wonderfully *different*... simplifies home waving amazingly. Saves you half the time.

BOBBI waving lotion has a creme-oil base. It conditions your hair while it waves. So, BOBBI leaves your hair shin-

ing with luster, tangle-free and easier to comb... wonderfully easy-to-manage. No "wrong-way curls"—no fly-away frizz.

Next time, give yourself a softer, natural-looking BOBBI HOME WAVE. So easy, so quick, so sure... Set, style, and wave your hair, all at one time! Imagine... all it takes is pin curls—and BOBBI!

All it takes is
Pin Curls and BOBBI—
for the prettiest
home wave you ever had

\$1.25
Plus tax

At All Cosmetic Counters
Complete with 60 bobby pins



MALAYA CONTINUED

provided to take their possessions to the new settlements); there is a shortage of police for guarding the settlement and of proper arms for the police. There is sometimes a defeatism on the part of European officers. A Communist military patrol on one occasion passed unchallenged through a wired-in village, both gates wide open, at 2 in the morning. The European officer, when this was reported to him, shrugged the affair off. What difference did it make? You couldn't keep the Communists out with a bit of wire. This is what I mean by defeat in the mind.

Even if the Briggs Plan is successfully accomplished this year the war will go on. Nearly half the population of Malaya is Chinese, and the Chinese have a long tradition of indifferentism, of sitting on the fence. It is not the attitude that responds actively to the threat of violence. If you are a bus owner you will pay blackmail to the Communists rather than have your buses burnt on the road; if you are a rubber tapper you will pay a proportion of your wages (you will have heard how Tan Lee on the next estate was found with his throat cut, tied to one of the trees). Some of the wealthiest Chinese businessmen in Malaya are believed to be supplying funds. The Kuala Lumpur manager of one of the great Chinese rubber companies was picked up in January. Every town can be a source of supply in food and money: the risk is a little greater than in the squatter area—that is all. But in some places the terrorist will be able to depend on the inertia of the native police. I have watched a road check in progress. The checking point could be avoided altogether by two simple detours, and the check itself simply consisted of a constable taking a glance at a driver's papers and passing his truck through without a look at the contents. We are fighting in Malaya with blunted weapons.

Nonetheless the Briggs Plan—taking the most pessimistic view of it—is a turn of the screw of discomfort. Living in the jungle on the bare margin of subsistence, these men cannot stand much more privation. When one remembers the strained nerves of the European, even with his periods of relative safety in the cities, his whisky at sunset, his hope—if he survives another year—of leave, one sometimes feels a measure of compassion for these men, struck from the air, hunted however ineffectively by patrols, bled by the leeches, with insufficient food and medicines, their success measured in a resettlement officer or a planter killed, a bus burnt, a patrol ambushed and a Sten gun captured. The nights are very long in the jungle. By 6 it is dark except for the shine of phosphorescent leaves; by midnight the rain will be falling down on yesterday's soaked leaves, cutting past the giant trees through the thick undergrowth, and long after the storm is over the rain will continue to drip from the reservoirs of foliage. There will be nearly 12 hours of virtual darkness, and even Marx must pall.

Here is the opportunity for another weapon which we have only recently begun to wield: the attack on the mind. These men live by hope—hope that in perhaps six months, a year, Chinese forces will be pressing into Malaya through Siam, that instead of being a few hunted platoons in the jungle they will emerge as the seasoned spearhead of the invasion. News of a Western defeat in Korea is worth a hundred successful ambushes to these men. We have to weaken their hope, and we have to destroy their confidence in each other.

Leaflets in the jungle

THE direction of our propaganda is in the hands of Carleton Greene, who is responsible for building up Britain's broadcast service to Russia and Eastern Europe. He has been lent to Lieut. General Sir Harold Briggs, the Director of Operations, for one year. It is too soon to tell how far the new propaganda drive will succeed, but that there is a drive is the important thing. Surrender leaflets on waterproof paper—leaflets showing the faces of their comrades caught in the steel mesh of the Bren gun, the unpeaceful features of the violently dead, the hanging mouth, the unclosed eye ("Would you rather be dead like these?") and scenes of the quiet life in the city, at the restaurant, the moving picture theater, the park, led by the surrendered terrorist ("Or surrender and live like these?"); rewards for the betrayal of their own comrades, the rewards for some of the high officers running up to over 4,000 American dollars—these leaflets are dropped in thousands from airplanes, left by patrols at old camp sites in the jungle. In this terrain where visibility is often 20 feet I asked myself how can a leaflet ever reach its destination. Thousands of course are wasted but a few get home. Already deserters have come in carrying surrender leaflets with them.

It is easy for the visitor to criticize. He suffers only an agreeable measure of apprehension, driving along the winding roads beside the jungle wall, where every bend provides an ambush point. He has

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65



SEATTLE—"PLANNING THE NEW RIG," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 58 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land
of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*



*Beer and ale—
mealttime favorites*

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1862





Where she is, there is home

YOU MUST TRY to see her as they do who have crossed an ocean to find her: rising from the sea and tall against the sky.

Then you will know why it is not strange to love, with an ardor beyond words, a two-hundred-ton woman of copper, a woman named Liberty.

There are other statues in the world—there are the marble women of the museums—and many are made with greater art. But when have you ever seen in any museum an old man with the whip-scars of tyranny on his back, looking at a statue with tears in his eyes and his head bowed in thanksgiving?

When have you seen another statue which the kids from their schoolrooms come to visit, clambering wide-eyed through the vast open heart of her, learning the shape and comeliness of this shining thing they own named Liberty?

Where can you find another country where Liberty stands bright and pleasant at the door, saying: "If you believe in me, come in and be one of us?"

Long before the people of France gave us her image

in metal, she was here in spirit, her light already in the door. She had come in storm-tossed vessels like the *Mayflower*, in sailing packets heavy with ice, in iron steamers caked with rust. Sometimes by first-class and sometimes by steerage she came, sometimes in silks, sometimes in rags. But always she came in the hearts of the bold and hardy ones in every land, those who dared to choose freedom, those who could leave their settled ways and say: "Where she is, there is my home."

Yes, you must see her as they do who have crossed an ocean to find her. Then you will know how young and fine she is, how rare in the world, how hard to win.

And you will know why we must always act in such a way as to make her feel at home with us . . . this spirit of liberty so precious to us all.

John Hancock **MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

MORE LIGHTS PER PENNY!



Four big reasons why you should always buy Ronsonol, America's largest selling lighter fuel—
① Laboratory tests prove it lasts longer than most other brands. ② Specially blended to light instantly. ③ Clean, full flame. ④ Pleasing fragrance. When you buy lighter fuel insist on the best. Insist on Ronsonol!

RONSONOL®

LIGHTER FUEL

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recommend



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

MALAYA CONTINUED

a return ticket. The claustrophobia of distrust has not time to close over his mind. Only when he sees his first body, or when an acquaintance made a few weeks before is murdered in an ambush does the visitor feel a pale reflection of the strain endured by the men in the country districts. Then perhaps momentarily it occurs to him that his return ticket may not be used, and he begins to look with the same enmity at the Chinese standing in their shop doors as he drives by.

Here is a long-term danger for Malaya. Individual Chinese have cooperated with us, many Chinese have been murdered and disemboweled for unknown reasons, presumably because they have refused to help the Communists. Yet the chief impression is one of indifference. The Chinese, like the Syrian in West Africa, has settled in the land to make money, and a dead man cannot earn. He waits. The Japanese have come and the British have gone. The Japanese have gone and the British have returned. It is best to wait and see. It is always best commercially to be on the winning side. A while ago a man jumped onto a moving bus in Singapore. He had escaped from his captors and his hands were bound and bleeding. The bus was full of Chinese and not one passenger moved to untie his hands.

Yet one of the leading members of the Chinese community, who has shown his courage in the emergency, said to me, "Only the Chinese can fight the Chinese. You must have a Chinese regiment in the jungle." But so far the government forbids this. In any case the Chinese will not serve at the Malay scale of pay, and you cannot have two scales. Is it possibly an unwise economy, when so many millions are being spent with so little result, not to raise the service pay to the Chinese level?

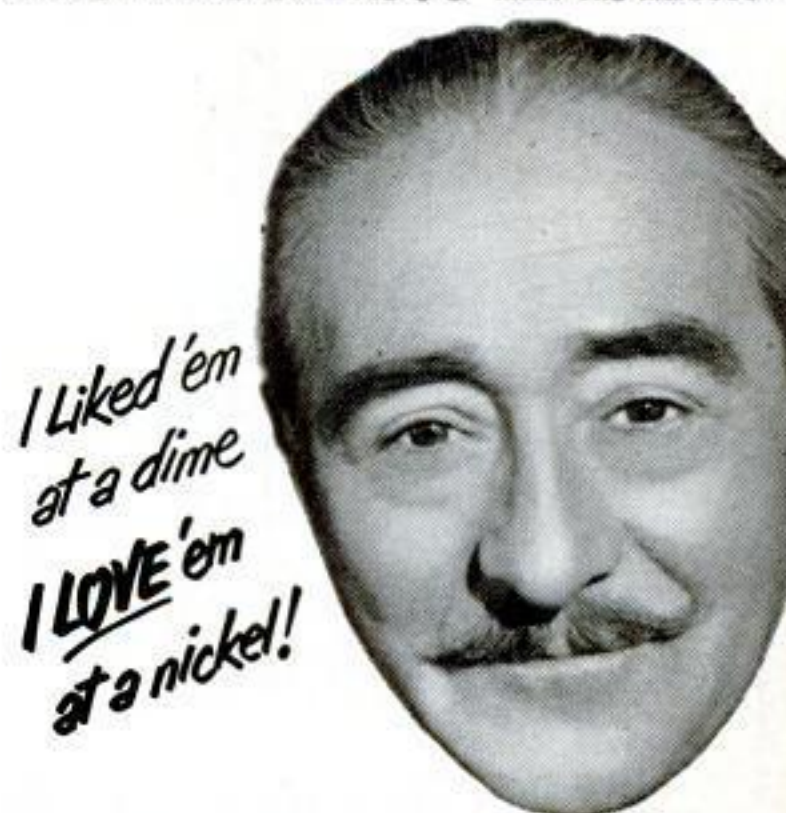
One is haunted by the thought that all these measures are short-term ones. If we forced the surrender of 5,000 Communists by starvation would it really be the end? Could the troops go home and the police return to traffic duties? The idea of Communism would remain and sooner or later the jungle would be alive again with secret inhabitants. Communism is a threat to the rich and sometimes to the intellectual, but the poor and the illiterate have nothing to lose. There is only one man who is threatened by Communism, whether he is rich or poor, educated or a peasant, and that is the Christian.

The other day at Phat Diem, in the north of Indo-China, I watched the Viet Nameese Catholic bishop inspect his outposts, the unpaid militia who had helped clear the bishopric and who now held it free from the Communist enemy. I heard the young men sing their hymns; I watched the platoon leaders come up with their bouquets of flowers for their bishop. There were only 2,000 of these men here, and there were not enough uniforms yet to go round, but I would have felt more confidence fighting in their ranks than in the ranks of the 100,000 armed Malay police. They reminded me a little of the Home Guard in 1940. The Home Guard was never tested as these few men so often are when the guerrillas seep up across the wide flat paddies, but their strength was an idea, and that idea love of their country. Christianity too is a form of patriotism. These Viet Nameese belonged to the City of God and were proud of their city that lay behind the no man's land of rice. "You see," I wanted to say to my friends in Malaya, "it can be done." An idea was fighting an idea.



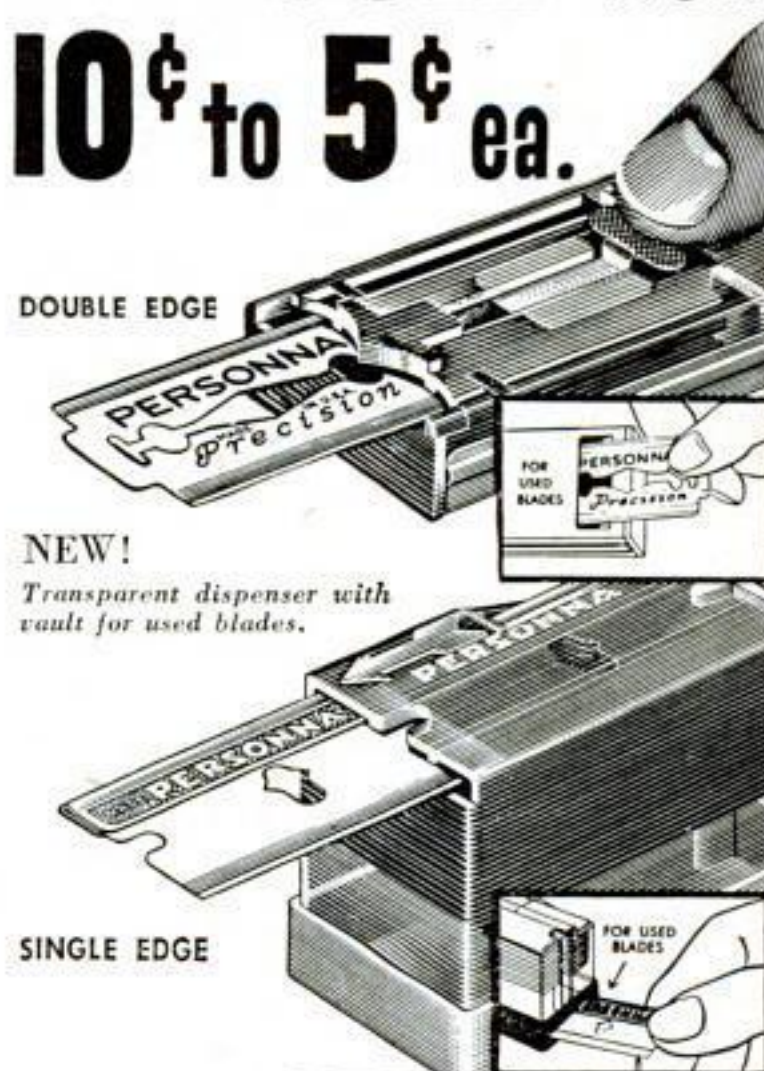
BISHOP REVIEWS HIS TROOPS in Phat Diem. Monsignor Le Huu Tu is senior bishop of an area containing 2,600,000 (one-fourth Catholic). He is the world's only Catholic bishop (besides the Pope) to have his own private army.

ADOLPHE MENJOU Star of Radio's "MEET THE MENJOUS"



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I LOVE 'em
at a nickel!*

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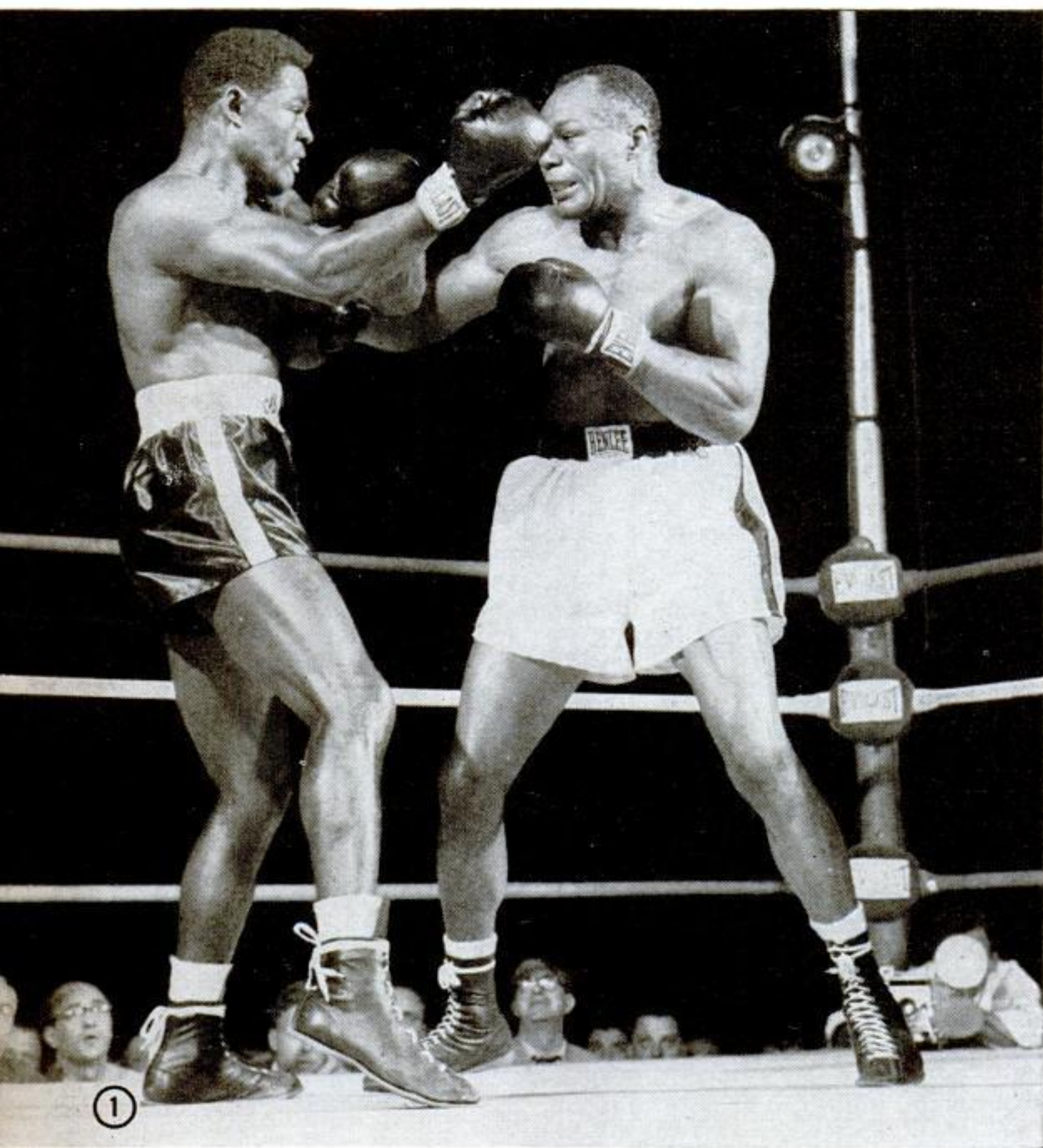
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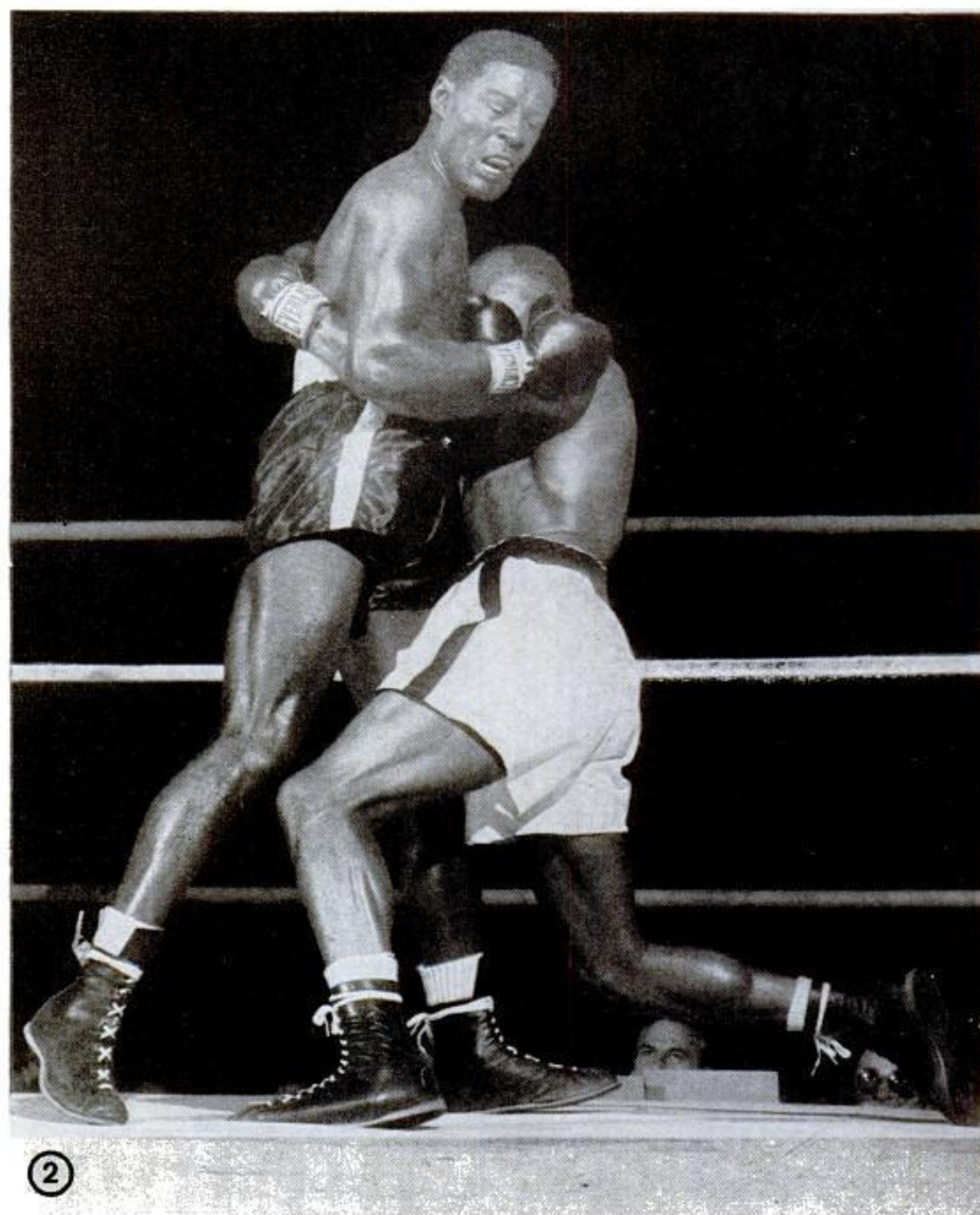
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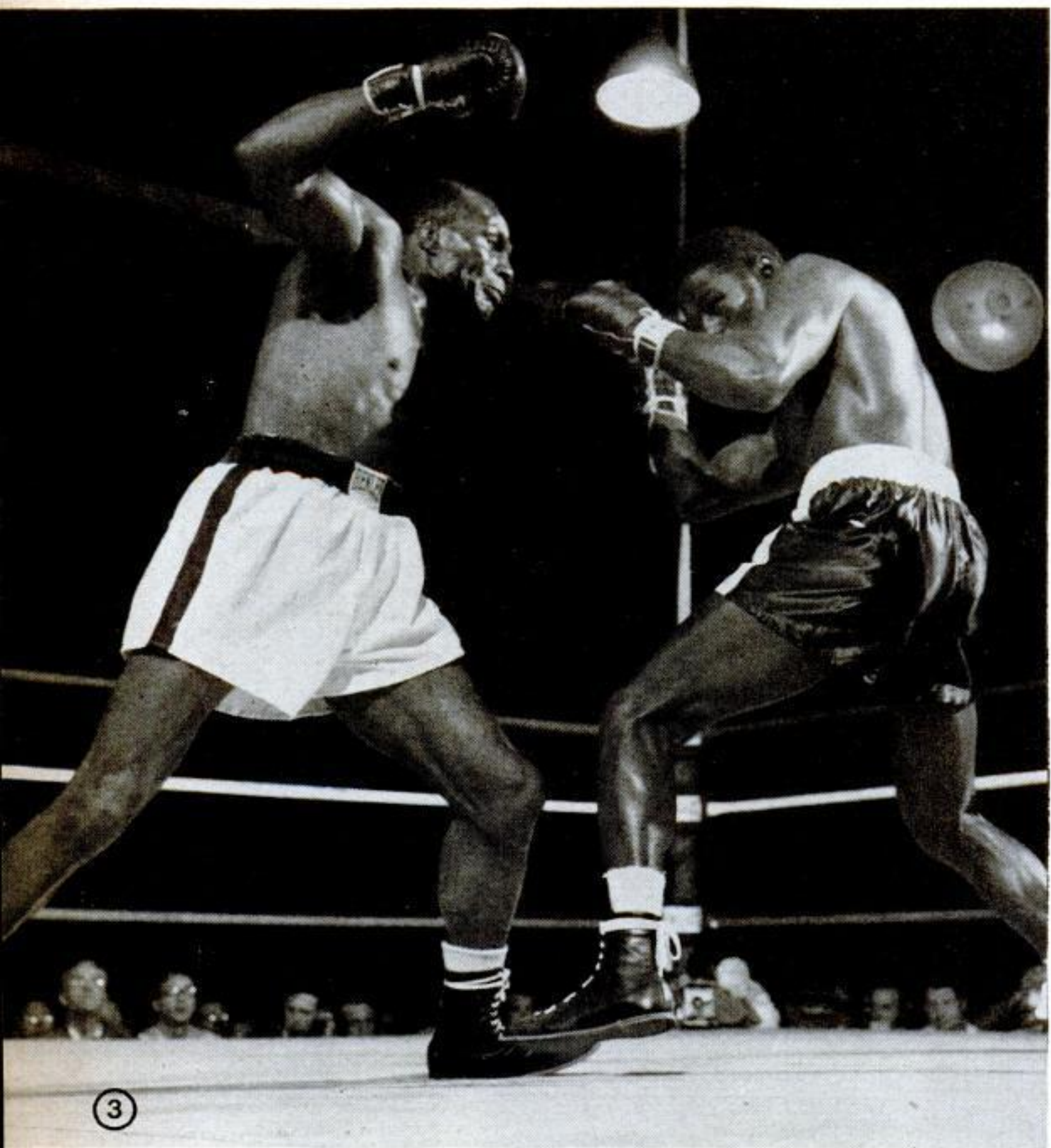
THIS IS HOW JERSEY JOE WALCOTT'S PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED



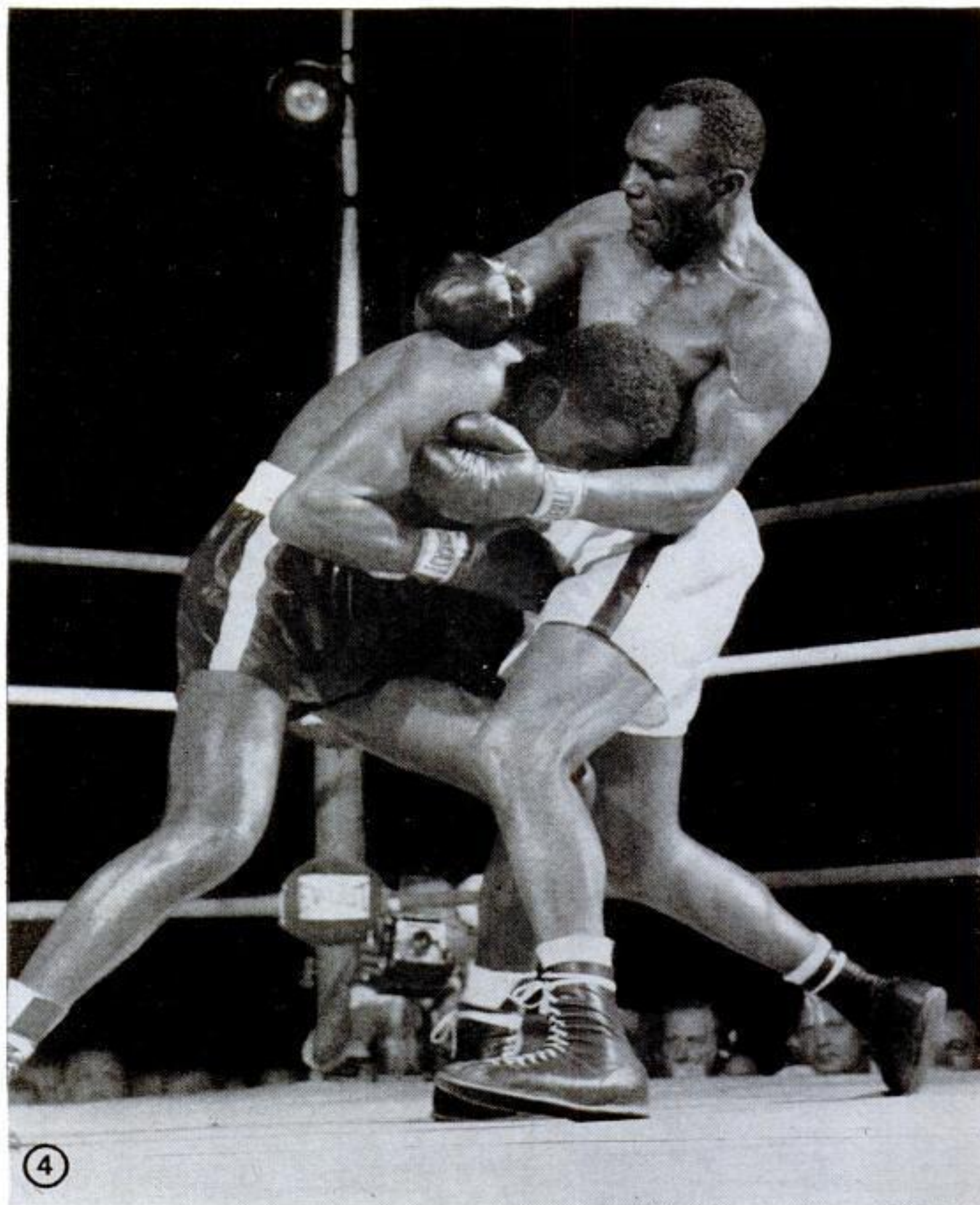
A RIGHT TO THE HEART in seventh round drives Charles onto heels, right foot lifted from floor. This set up Charles's downfall, shown in subsequent photos.



AGONIZED EZZARD grimaces from the punch to heart as Joe, momentarily off balance, clutches him around the middle. Seconds later they parted and end came.



THE FINAL PUNCH, a left hook, is wound up behind Joe's body. The blow knocked Charles unconscious and made Jersey Joe the heavyweight champion.



DOWN AND OUT goes Charles after Joe's lethal left. Sequence was photographed by Pittsburgh Post Gazette Cameramen James Klingensmith and Charles Stuebgen.



AT AIRPORT MRS. WALCOTT PROUDLY TOUCHES A SIGN FOR JOE

...THE WINNER... AND OLD CHAMPION

Jersey Joe beats Charles for heavy title

At Pittsburgh's Forbes Field last week the end came with an explosive suddenness that left the audience gasping. With a paralyzing left hook 37-year-old Joe Walcott knocked out Ezzard Charles and became history's oldest and most implausible heavyweight champion of the world. To Jersey Joe, christened Arnold Cream, it was "a 21-year dream come true." The oldest of 10 children, he became their chief support at the age of 14 when his father died. He picked up occasional dollars by fighting "prelims" in Philadelphia and, under the name of oldtime welterweight champion Joe Walcott, was soon moving up fast in the same division. But in 1934 he was set back by a case of typhoid fever. For years Joe was barely able to support a growing family (*lower right*) with relief money, menial odd jobs and "coffee and cake" fights for pitiful purses of \$10 and \$15. Finally he got a job in a shipyard and quit prizefighting. In 1944 a minor promoter from Camden, N.J. named Felix Bocchicchio lured Joe back with a promise of a steady wage. A life-long "hungry fighter," Walcott persistently plied the trade he knew best. By 1947 he was a 33-year-old ring Methuselah, but he had outlasted everybody and he was the elder statesman of heavyweight contenders. That year when Jersey Joe was proposed to the equally aging Joe Louis, Louis said, "Who is Walcott?" but the title match was made. Most boxing writers think Jersey Joe won the 15-round fight that resulted, but Louis got a split decision. Next time Louis kayoed Walcott, and after that Ezzard Charles beat him twice. But Walcott had the determination of desperation. Nothing would stop him. Nothing did, finally. And humble, religious Jersey Joe, who thanked God for his belated (and perhaps brief) triumph, modestly felt that he had earned it. So did everybody else.



CURIOS CROWDS peered for several hours through Walcott's windows though Jersey Joe, in order to avoid them, hid elsewhere.



HERO'S WELCOME was accorded Joe Walcott in Camden by 3,000 admirers who met plane after fight. With two hours' sleep since fight, exhausted but game champion carries daughter Carol, 6, as fans wring hand. Then for radio broadcast Walcott went to City Hall where his six children (*below*), slightly overcome, waited nervously before picture of English Lord Camden.



A Salute to



Policeman in blue cape, kepi and white gloves gestures proudly as he directs traffic around a Paris show place, the Arch of Triumph, built to commemorate

Napoleon's victories and now the resting place of France's Unknown Soldier. As American tourists quickly learn, Parisian cops are chivalrous, expressive and sometimes pretend to speak English.

Paris on her 2,000th Birthday

Age cannot wither her.
nor custom stale
her infinite variety

Two thousand years ago Paris came quietly into recorded history as a barbarian settlement, Lutetia Parisiorum; this year the anniversary is being celebrated with fireworks and pageantry. As its salute to a great city reaching a great age, LIFE presents on these pages the efforts of some distinguished photographers to catch and record the elusive but unmistakable stamp of the loveliest and best loved of cities.

Paris has stood for volatile charm and enduring beauty from the days of the Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate (he called it "my dear Lutetia") to those of Josephine Baker ("*J'ai deux amours, mon pays et Paris*"). The wars and revolutions of two millenia have not stopped the stream of pilgrims—including Dante, Franklin, and millions of American soldiers—coming to study theology or good manners, to paint or shop or have the best time of their lives.

Paris has her quota of historical sites. Any guide can show where Abélard wooed Héloïse, or the Three Musketeers dueled, or St. Ignatius founded the Society of Jesus, or Napoleon reviewed his troops. But what brings the world to Paris is the way the past becomes part of the present; as if the city were built not for show or profit, but only to be lived in. There is something for everybody in Paris—pretty girls in the streets, naked girls in the nightclubs, artists starving in garrets, the world's best restaurants and dressmakers, the chestnut trees drenching the spring with their odor, apaches and Existentialists, sidewalk cafes serving abominable *apéritifs*—but beyond all is the air of the city herself, spacious and luminous and making the most out of life.



Rooftops with their clusters of chimney pots, which form one of the most characteristic features of the Parisian landscape, huddle beneath the Gothic splendor

of Notre Dame Cathedral in view from a window on the Ile de la Cité. Now a quiet district, the crowded island was for the first 1,000 years of the city's history the center of her secular and religious life.



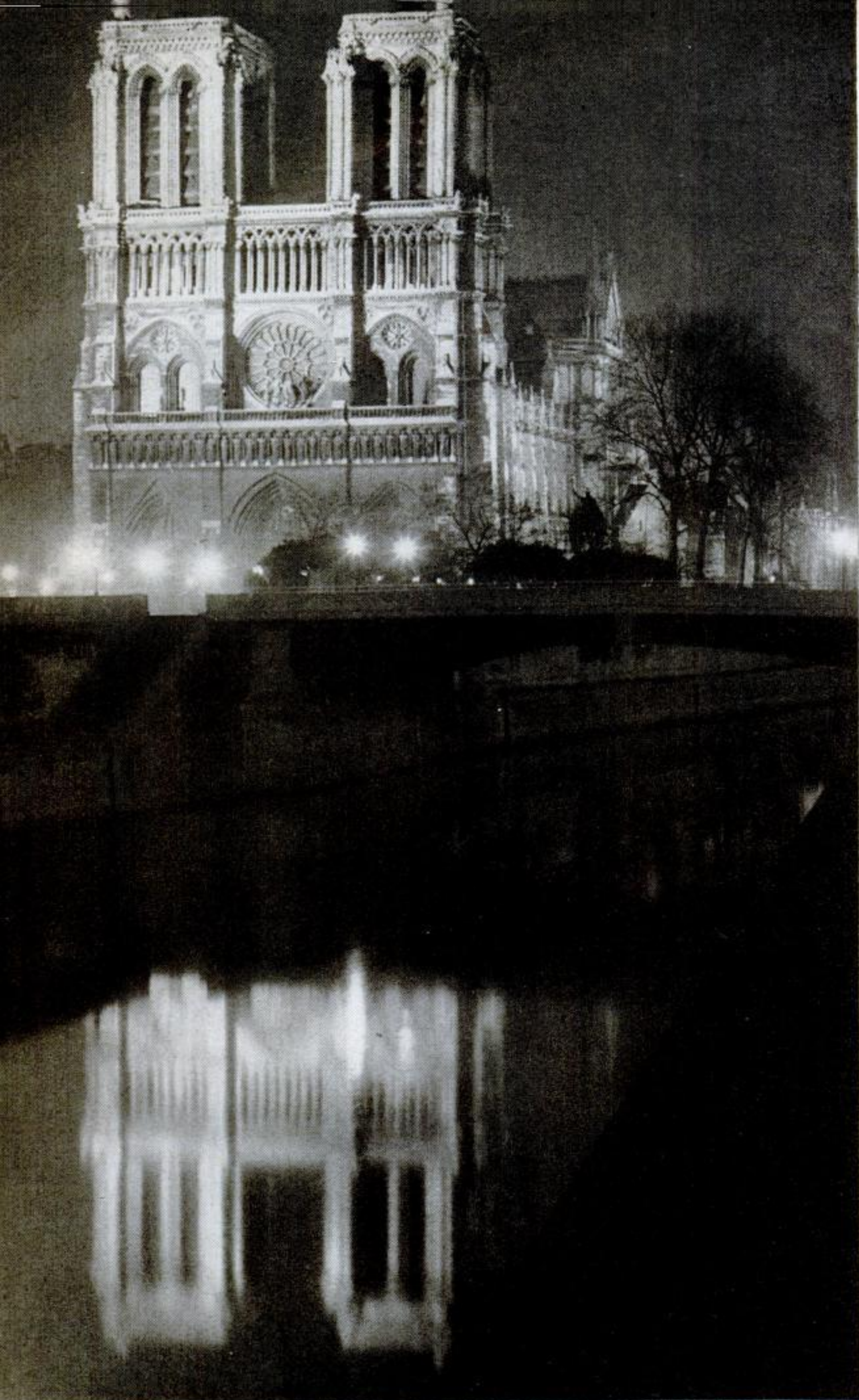


Cyclists race their shadows as they set out early in the morning for a Sunday spin in the country. Cycling is the favorite sport of the average Parisian. Bicycles also provide the most expeditious means of navigating one's way through the city's chaotic traffic.



The Seine flows gently, a zone of peace and quiet cutting the busy city in two. Trains of barges slip silently along it between *quais* which protect against floods and which in good weather are lined by bookstalls and by philosophical, unsuccessful fishermen.

A Storm crosses the Place de la Concorde and on lifting provides a dramatic perspective. A triumph of 18th Century design, built for royal pomp and parades, the square had its biggest show in 1793, when King Louis XVI was guillotined where a fountain now stands.



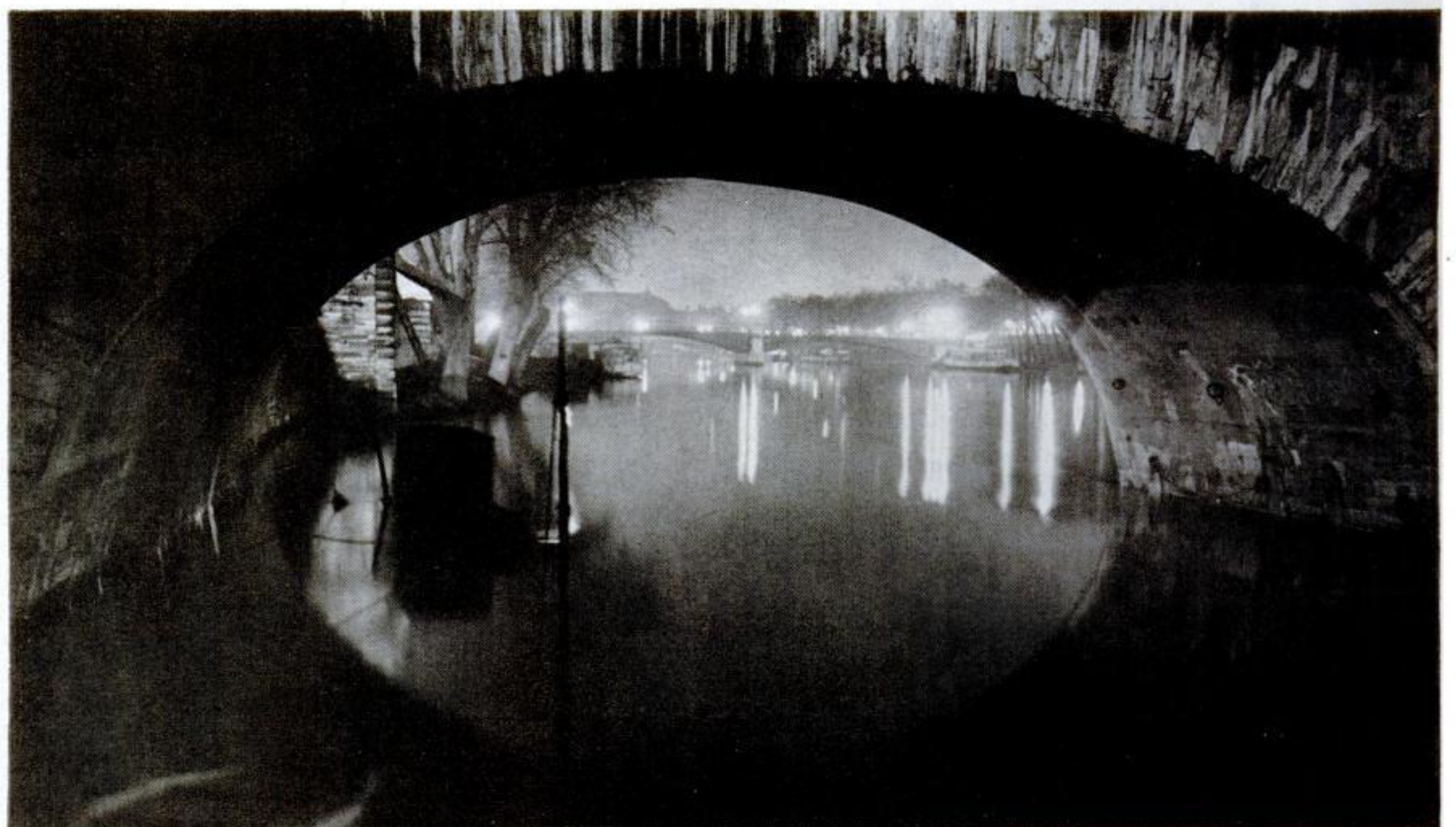
Paris CONTINUED



Girls' Legs reflected in a puddle after a summer shower gave a photographer on a Paris street a chance to catch some of the elusive charm which is the distinguishing feature of the city whether it rains or shines.

Notre Dame floodlit for holidays and special occasions, has looked down on the same solemn reflection in the river since 1240, when it was completed after almost a century of painstaking construction.

Lamplight along the *quais* gleams between the bridges, helping give back to Paris her nickname, City of Light, temporarily lost during black-outs of the German occupation and fuel shortage afterward.



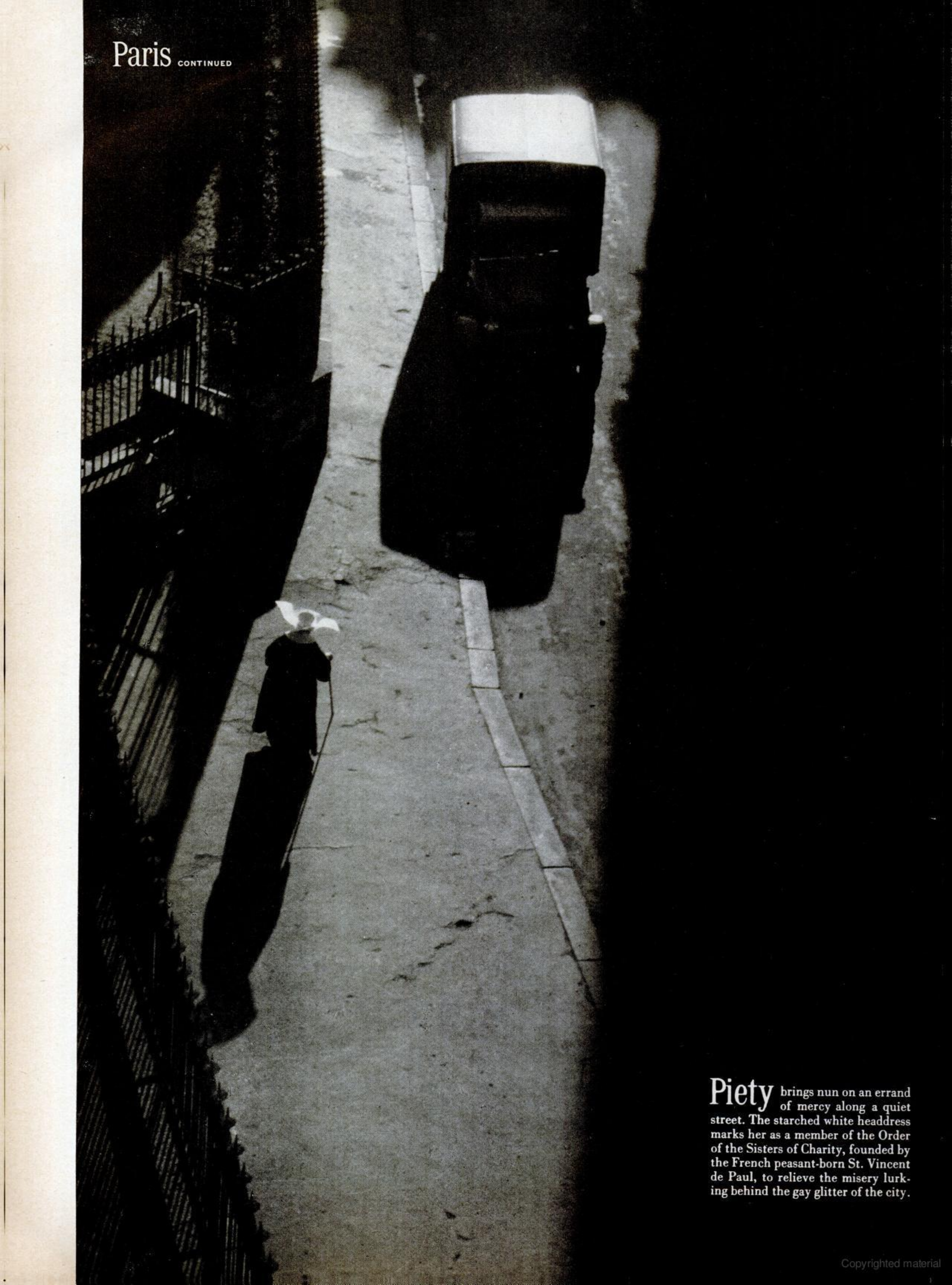


Misty Day makes fairyland landscape of the Tuileries Gardens. Proper Parisians take their Sunday strolls along its formal walks, while their still more proper little boys solemnly sail boats in a miniature lake.


Misty Night makes a fantastic medieval structure out of an ordinary 19th Century business building. During the occupation its sinister appearance was appropriate—it served as a Nazi headquarters.



Paris CONTINUED



Piety brings nun on an errand of mercy along a quiet street. The starched white headdress marks her as a member of the Order of the Sisters of Charity, founded by the French peasant-born St. Vincent de Paul, to relieve the misery lurking behind the gay glitter of the city.



Pomp surrounds Napoleon
in death as in life as his
statue lords it on the Vendôme col-
umn, made originally of the bronze of
1,200 captured cannons. From it he
can look out at the two Arches of Tri-
umph he ordered built in honor of the
glory he won for Paris and for France.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



Blonde hair gleams with bright gold



Brunette hair dances with dark fire



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Gray, White hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

A DAZZLING LIFT! New lanolin-enriched Shasta Cream Shampoo glorifies your natural hair color. It does not add artificial color to your hair, but gives your own true color a dazzling lift.

"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR! New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. This super cleansing action is the secret of the shining, sparkling color after your Shasta shampoo. For Shasta leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA IS SAFE! Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe. Lathers out color-dulling grime. Leaves in pre-

cious natural oils your hair needs to be soft, healthy, glamorous.

MAKE THIS CONVINCING TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a lock of hair. Put this lock aside while you shampoo the rest of your hair with new Shasta.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is dry, compare the unwashed lock with your soft and radiant Shasta-washed hair. If not convinced that new Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return the jar to Procter & Gamble and get your money back in full.

Big economy jar 4 full ounces **89¢**
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NEW COLOR-SPARKING

Shasta "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

Paris CONTINUED

She has outlived conquerors from Caesar to Hitler



EARLIEST PARIS, shown here as reconstructed in an old print, was a collection of mud-and-wattle huts built, for reasons of defense, on a small island in the River Seine. Julius Caesar used the village as a base of operations during a stage of his conquest of Gaul. His legions burned it down after a revolt broke out.



ST. DENIS, a patron saint of France, had his head chopped off by Roman soldiers in 275 A.D., according to legend walked away with it in his hands.



STE. GENEVIÈVE, the patron saint of Paris, was credited with saving the city from the armies of Attila the Hun who was invading Gaul in 521.



MEDIEVAL PARIS expanded uninterruptedly despite the continual wars and riots and the plagues which bred in the overcrowded streets. This map, dated 1548, the first map of Paris extant, shows the Right Bank, where the commercial quarters were, growing much faster than the Left, where the students lived.



FIFTEENTH CENTURY PARIS looked like this to Joan of Arc when she unsuccessfully led a French army trying to take the city from the English shortly before her capture and death. Dominating the city is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the earliest and noblest of the great Gothic churches of France.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

SINCE GRANDMA WAS A GLAMOUR GIRL

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"NEVER PART" SET



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Love's Romance
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The Guardsman
3 DIAMOND RING FOR HIM



The Leader
MAN'S DIAMOND RING



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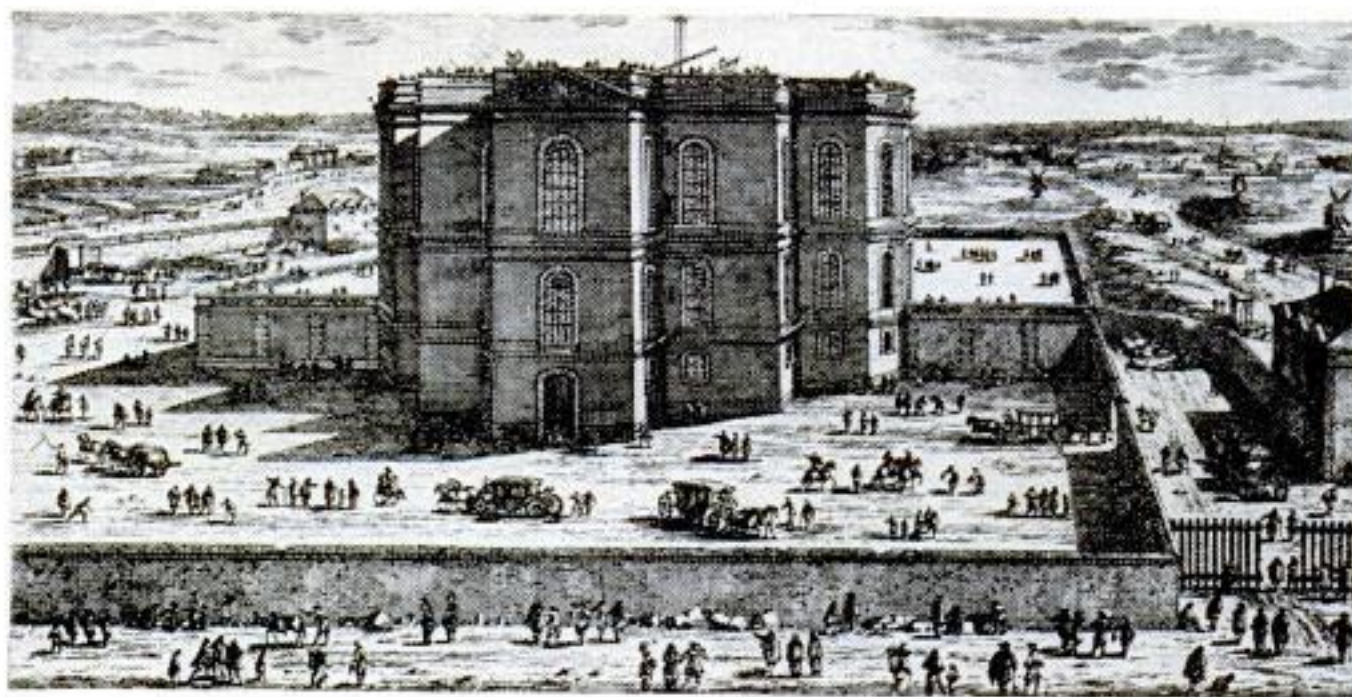
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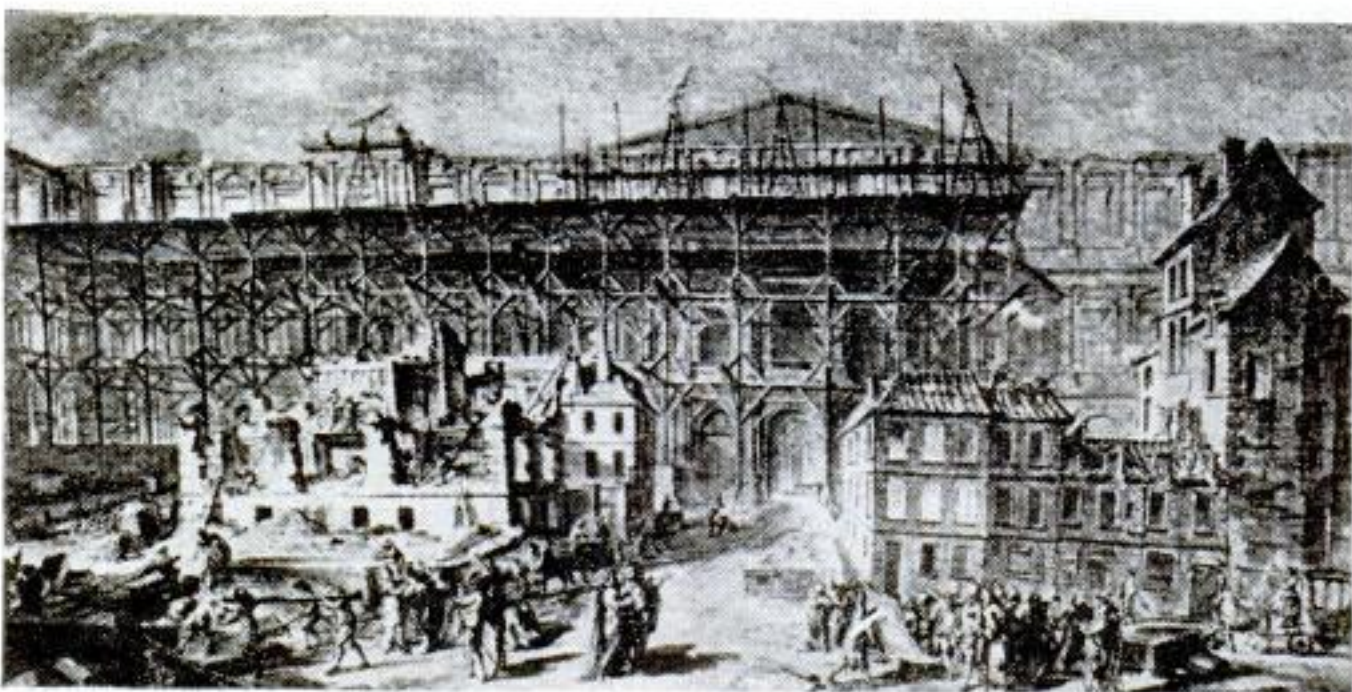
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Paris CONTINUED



THE RENAISSANCE came to Paris from Italy along with the plunder picked up by invading French armies. The revived interest in science and the natural world led to such projects as the construction of the Observatoire (above) for astronomical research. The greatest writer of the period, Michel de Montaigne (left), though he lived in a time when murders and massacres in the name of religion were the order of the day, began a tradition of skeptical humanism which has ever since been a mark of French thought.



THE 18TH CENTURY, the Age of Enlightenment, was the gayest and most brilliant in the history of the city. Paris was the intellectual capital of all Europe, and generations grew up to worship Voltaire (left), Rousseau and their fellow philosophers. Beneath the surface the old established order of morals and society was breaking down. One indication of the emergence of a newer, more democratic age was the transformation of the Louvre (shown above during one of its many reconstructions) from royal palace to art museum.



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION began its bloody course on July 14, 1789 when a Parisian mob stormed and destroyed the Bastille, a huge old stone fortress which was used as a state prison and which stood menacingly at the eastern gates of the city. The forces which were unleashed that day were not to be controlled till after thousands of aristocrats, including the king and the beautiful and giddy Queen Marie Antoinette (left) had been condemned to the guillotine, and the whole fabric of old French society destroyed forever.

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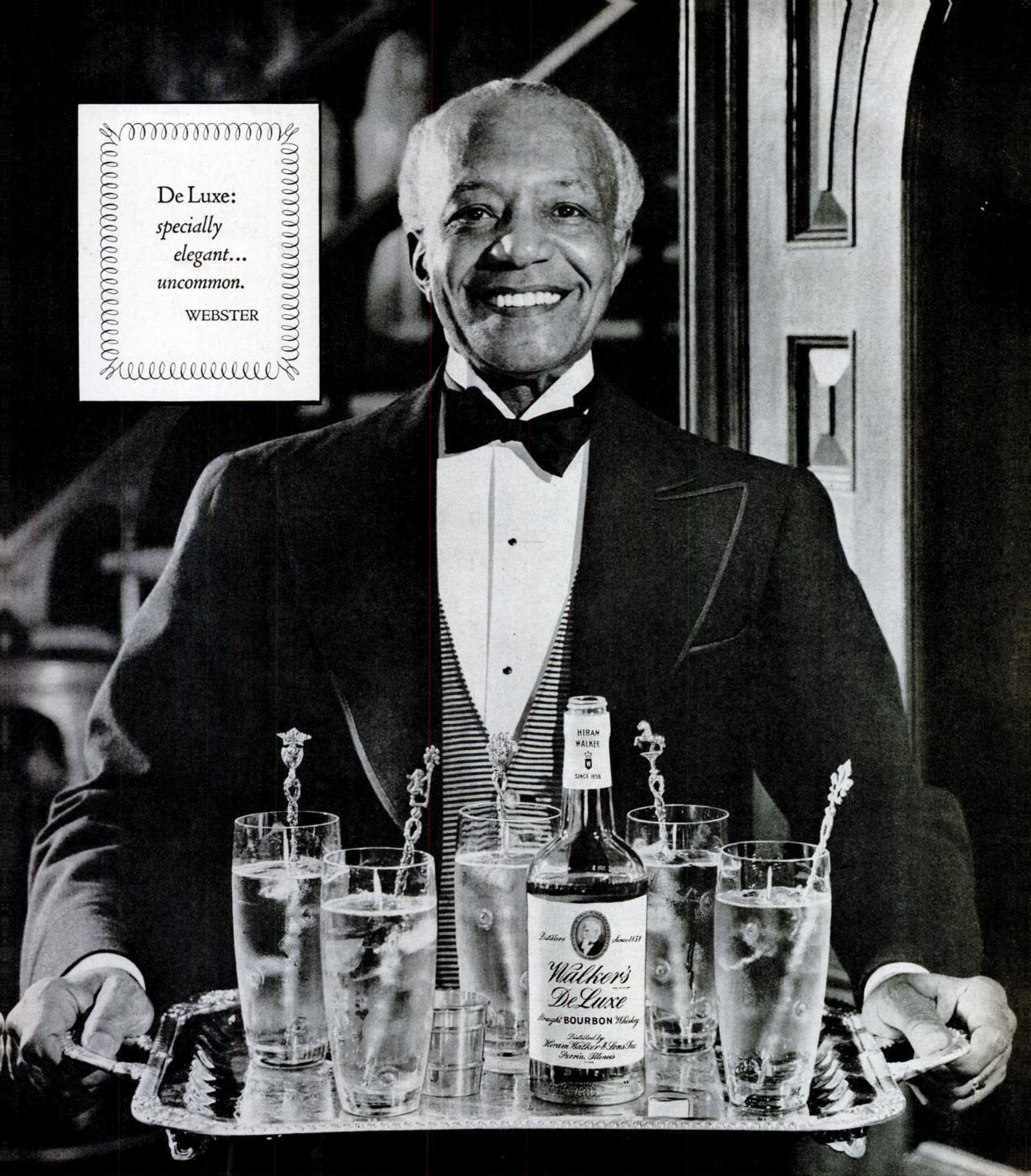
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ASPIRIN

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HEADACHE
FEEL BETTER FAST!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT was what Napoleon said would stop a mob, and he proved it on Oct. 4, 1795 when government was threatened with overthrow. The action proved that a strong man could establish order, and the French, weary of the chaos of the Revolution, let Napoleon do it on his own terms.



BARRICADES were thrown up in the Paris streets in 1848 in the French phase of the revolutionary movement which spread throughout Europe that year. Louis Philippe, the last king of France, was speedily chased from his throne, and the Second Republic came into being. It lasted three tumultuous years.



BOULEVARDS were the answer to mob uprisings because cannon could shoot straight down them, and no one understood this principle better than Napoleon III's master builder, Baron George Haussmann, who ruthlessly plowed broad, straight streets through the old clutters of houses in the 1850s and '60s.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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 Surely, Economically

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†Based on Independent Laboratory Tests.

*Many authorities suspect the common fly of carrying Polio virus.

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fine, medium or coarse
... no mess**

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 Dazey Model 160 baked white enamel with red, yellow, black or green ice cup..... \$8.95

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"Invisible" windshield corner posts



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Old Sunny Brook BRAND

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*"Cheerful
as its Name"*



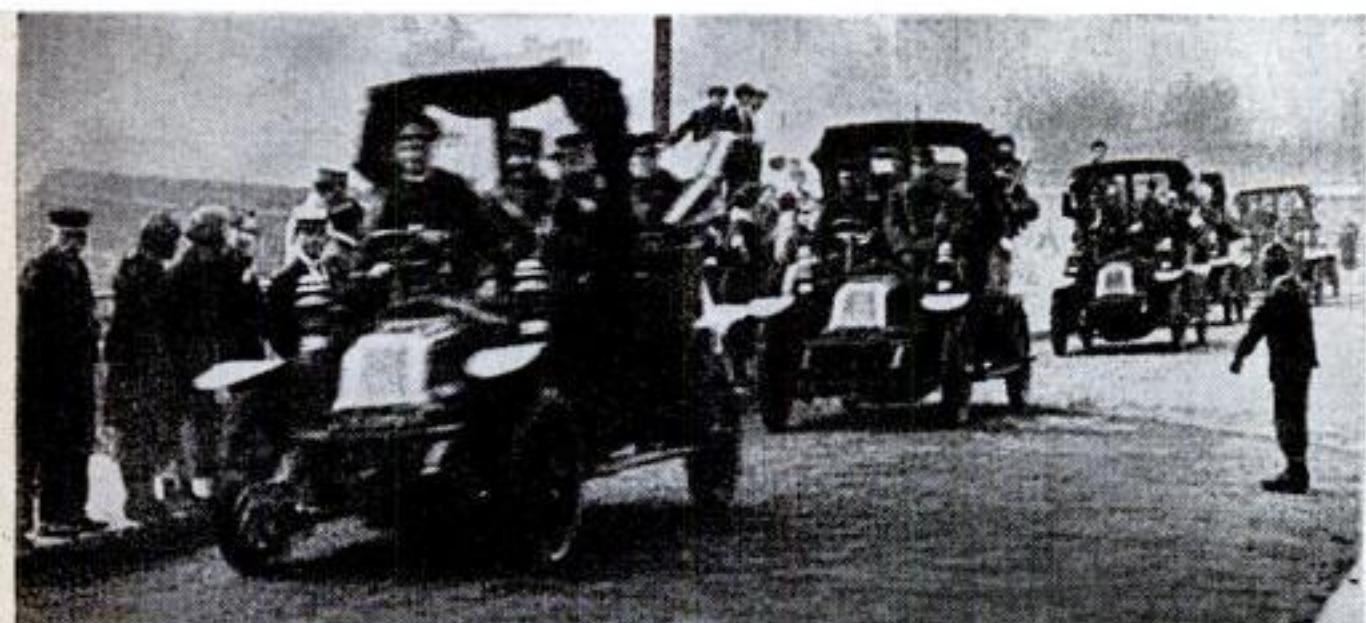
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OCCUPATION OF 1871 by Germans followed four-month siege in which Parisians ate cats, rats, zoo animals. Prussian army camped in Champs Elysées and paraded (above) in the Place de la Concorde, but the parade was a flop when the patriotic citizens refused to come out of their homes to watch it.



COMMUNE OF 1871 was fierce popular rising against the reactionary government of the infant Third Republic. Revolutionaries destroyed monuments which recalled ancient despotisms, like the column (above) in the Place Vendôme celebrating Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz. It has since been rebuilt.



OFFENSIVE OF 1914 brought Germans to within 20 miles of Paris five weeks after outbreak of World War I. When a hole developed in the French Army line along river Marne, General Gallieni, military governor of Paris, put his garrison in taxicabs (above), rushed them to the front in time to save the day.



OCCUPATION OF 1940 brought strutting Adolf Hitler and German cohorts to pay a sightseeing visit to famous Parisian sights like the Eiffel Tower.



LIBERATION OF 1944 came after the Normandy invasion when General Leclerc's 2nd Armored Division brought the Tricolor back to Arch of Triumph.

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ... Al Rosen



TEXAS LEAGUE PITCHERS SHED NO TEARS WHEN AL LEFT FOR CLEVELAND. IN HIS LAST FULL SEASON HE LED THE LEAGUE IN BASE HITS, DOUBLES, RUNS BATTED IN AND BATTING!

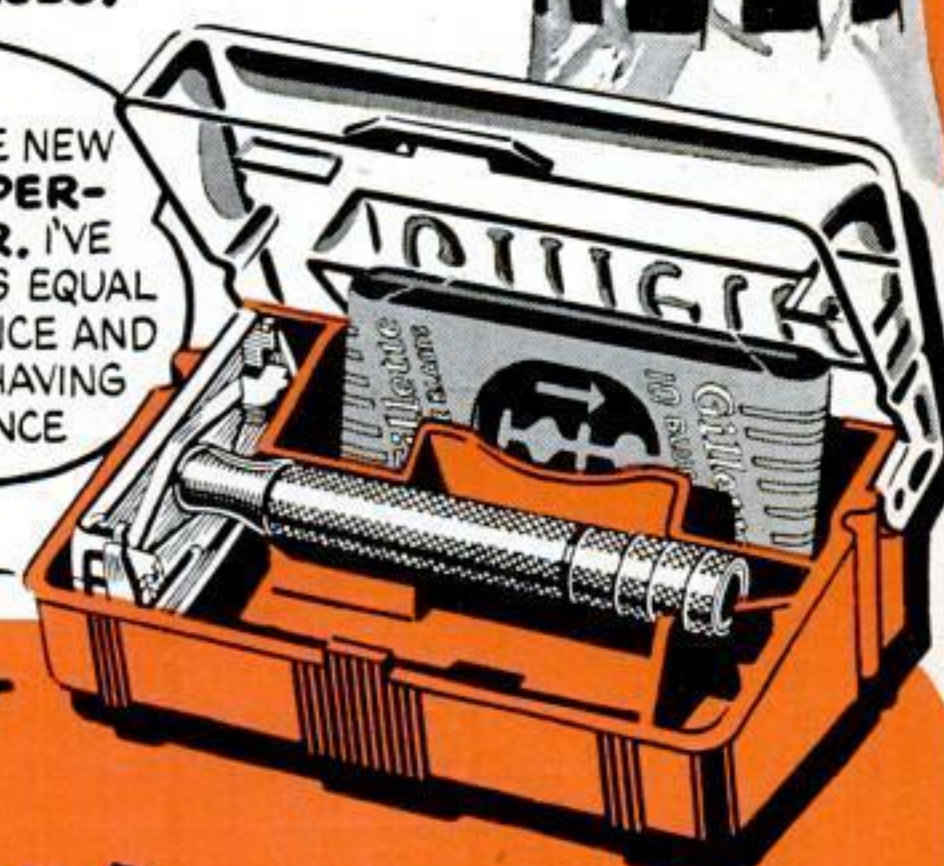


IN 1950, ROOKIE AL ROSEN SLAMMED 37 HOMERS TO LEAD THE AMERICAN LEAGUE... A FEAT UNEQUALLED IN THAT LEAGUE SINCE 1915! **HE BATTED IN 116 RUNS AND HIS 159 HITS WERE GOOD FOR 301 BASES!**



I'M SOLD TO THE HILT ON THE NEW **GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR**. I'VE NEVER SEEN IT'S EQUAL FOR CONVENIENCE AND TOP-NOTCH SHAVING PERFORMANCE

Al Rosen



WORLD'S GREATEST SHAVING VALUE!

Gillette

SUPER-SPEED RAZOR

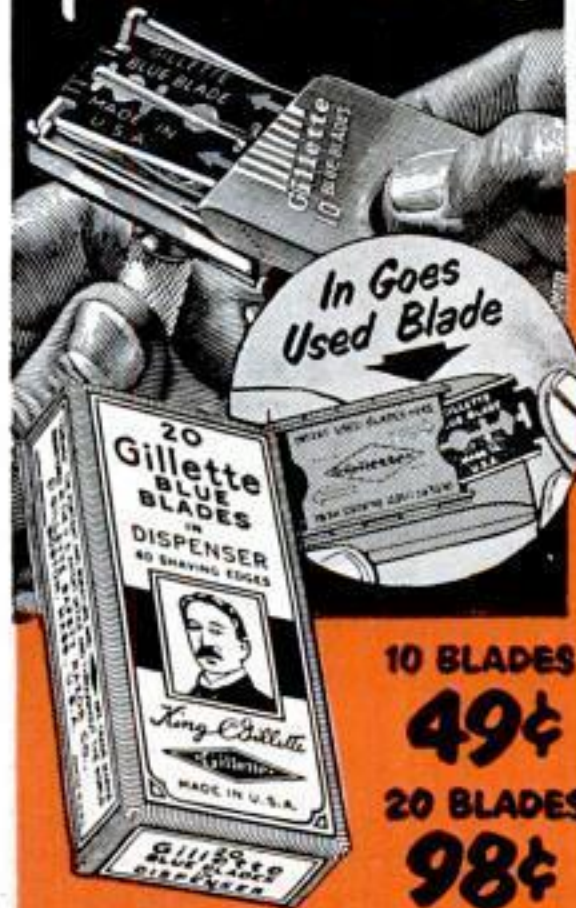
WITH IMPROVED 10-BLADE DISPENSER* IN STYRENE TRAVEL CASE

\$1.00

\$1.75 VALUE

* HAS HANDY COMPARTMENT FOR USED BLADES

ZIP! Blade hooks on ... drops in place **PRESTO!**



10 BLADES 49¢
20 BLADES 98¢

YOU'LL SAY SHAVING NEVER WAS SO QUICK AND EASY WHEN YOU WHISK AWAY TOUGH STUBBLE WITH THE MODERN GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR. THIS PRECISION SHAVING INSTRUMENT COMBINES INSTANT BLADE CHANGING, REAL SHAVING COMFORT AND DOUBLE-EDGE ECONOMY TO GIVE YOU MATCHLESS CONVENIENCE AND SATISFACTION.

For the world's easiest shaves, use the world's sharpest blades...
Gillette Blue Blades

● Shaving's quick, slick and mighty refreshing when you use Gillette Blue Blades in your Gillette Razor. Ask for them in the Gillette Dispenser that zips the blades out unwrapped and has a built-in compartment for the permanent disposal of used blades.

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

Copyright, 1951, by Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.



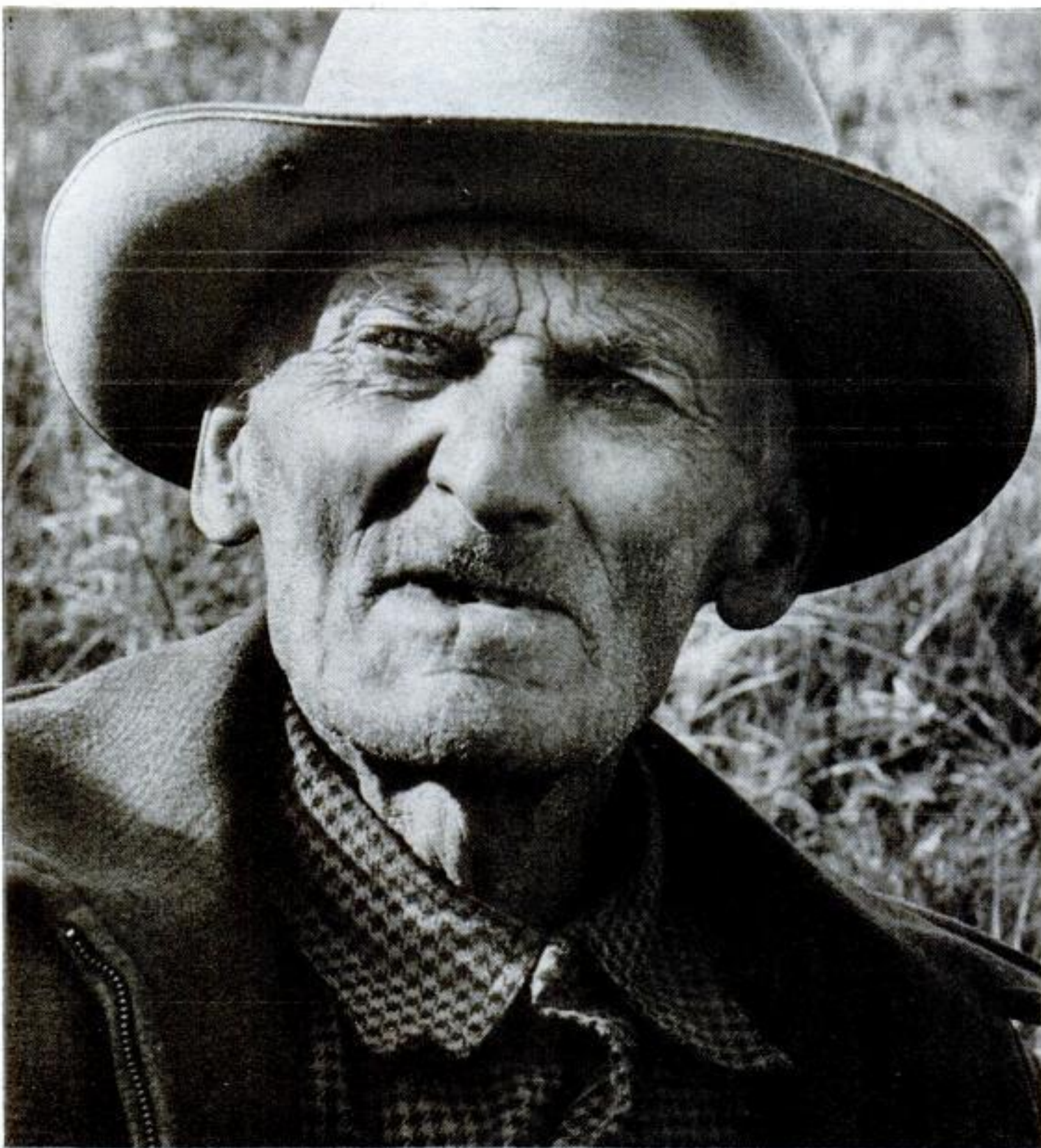
ADAM LENZ

"I remember the time Ringbone Sam got ahold of a rabbit, skinned it and took it over to Stella to have her cook it. Well, she wasn't to home, so he left it hanging on the doorknob. Well, some fellow, I can't bear in mind his name, come along and saw it there and got him a cat and skinned it out and hung it on the door in place of that rabbit. The next time Ringbone saw Stella he asked her how she liked the rabbit and she liked to kill him. You know, Ringbone never did know why."



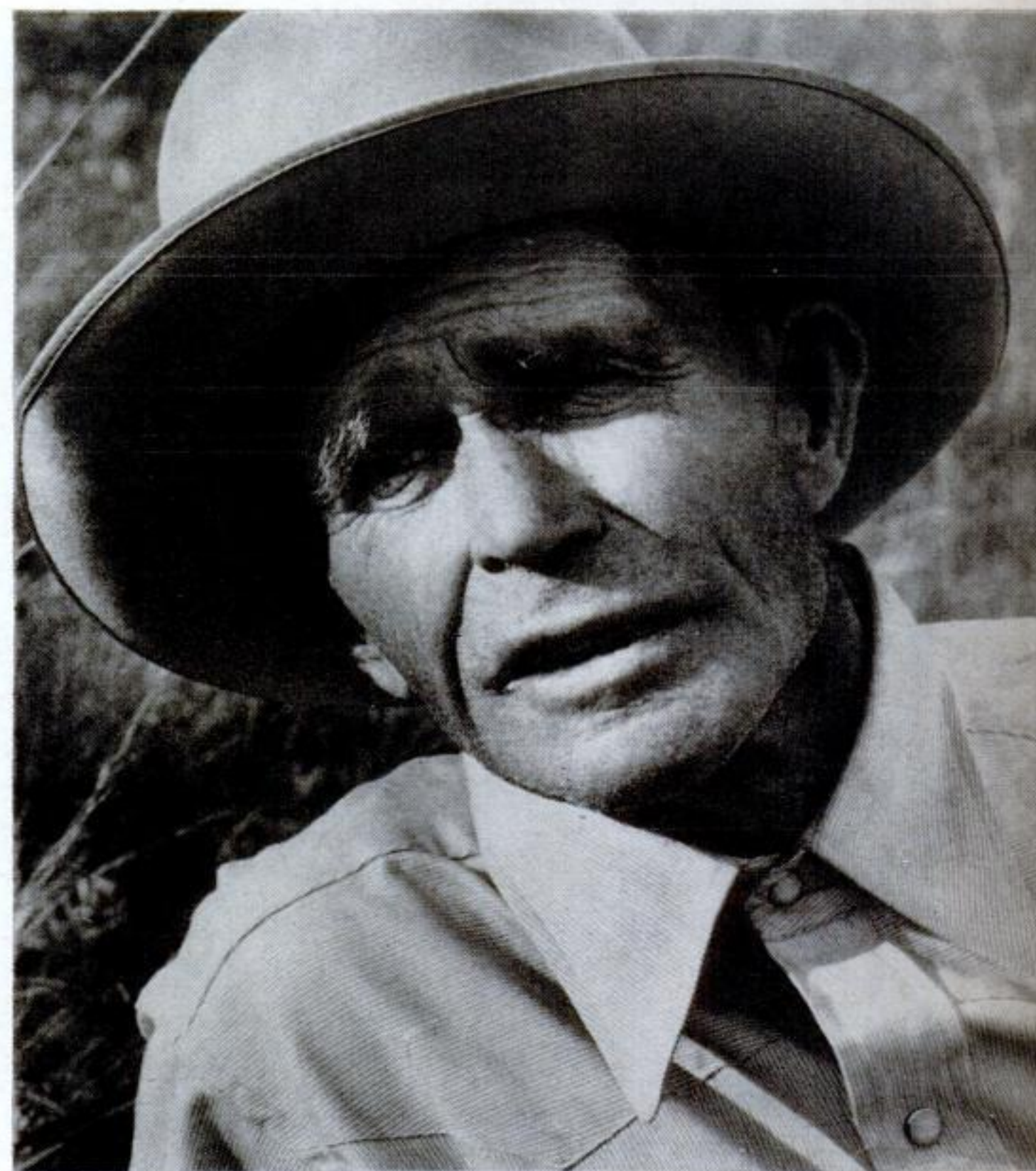
LOUIS DE BRAY

"This is a calf-nursin' business now. Danged calves is worth a hundred bucks the day they is dropped. In the old days we used to lose half and it was all in the business. I've seen the time when you couldn't hardly give a beef critter away; now the price is ten times what it oughta be. There is too damn many people here now. The grass is all plowed up and cut up to make farms. Durned drylanders. Hell, it was better when the Indians was here."



BILL CHERRY

"I ain't working now, I'm retired, but I had a few head now and then before the big freeze ruint us all in '88. I got in kind of a scrape about then and headed out of the country for a while. As we left, my partner got both his wooden legs shot off and couldn't walk good, and so he was caught by the sheriff. But I got me a pack horse and walked and rode all the way to the Klondike. Took me two years to get there. Didn't do much good there and so I finally come back to Montana."



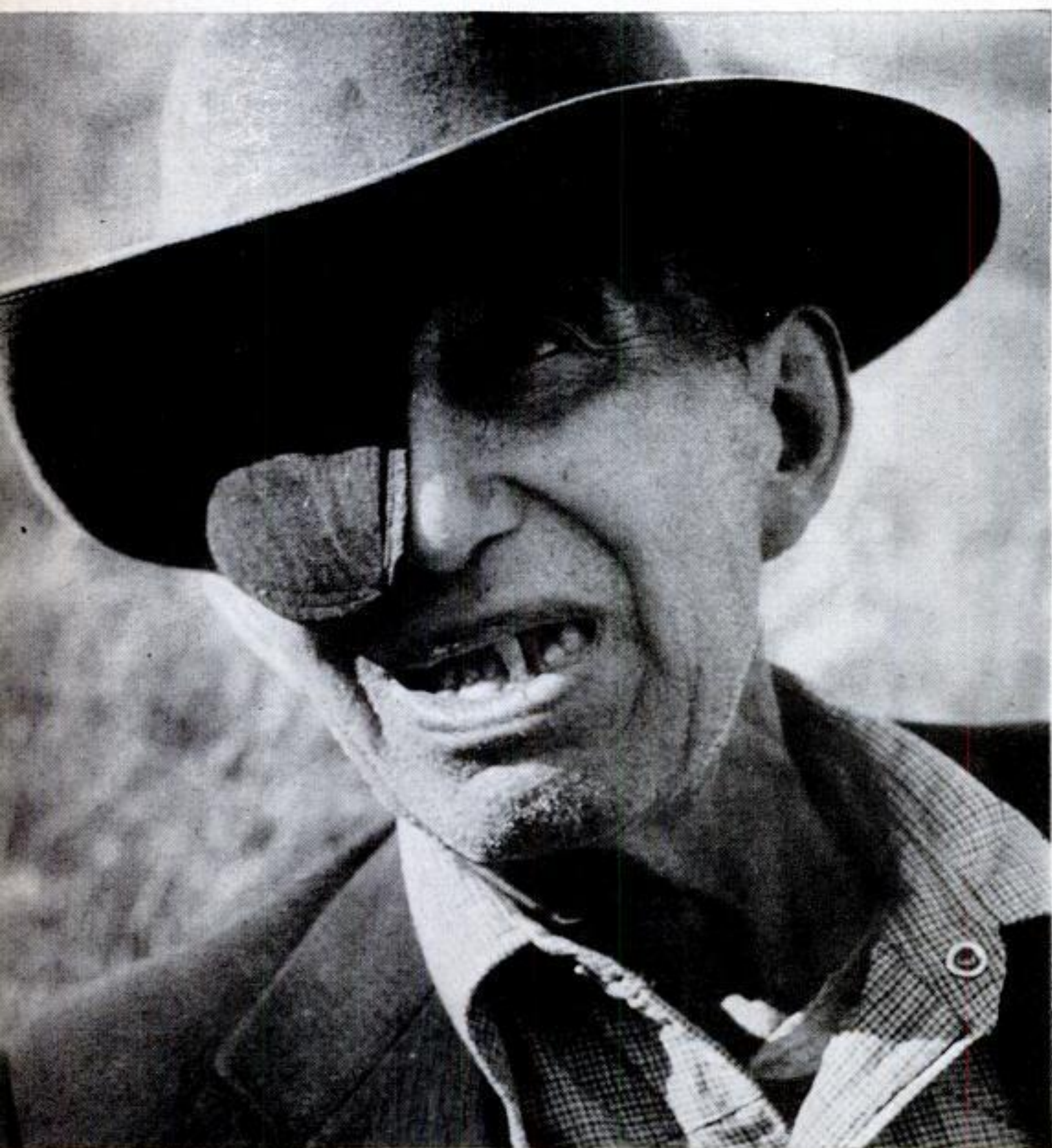
J. D. PRESTIDGE

"I was with this fellow Jack and we were in this place. After a while the women got mad about something and went after Jack and he shoved them aside and they sort of fell over in a pile. Then he got sick and went outside. This George came in and asked who shoved his woman. When he saw Jack outside he jumped over the hitchin' rack and hit Jack on the jaw. But that was the last time he hit him because Jack just picked him up and threw him down and then set on him."



ROBERT LEMON

"One night a bunch of us was in a hotel in Big Sandy. In them days you could swing a tin cup around your head and pick up a cup full of bullets any time. One fellow was reciting 'Yellowstone Pete's Only Daughter'—you couldn't print it, mister—when someone said there'd been a killing up the other end of town. The bar shut up and we all went over. The guy that done it had sobered up and was cryin' that he sure wished it was yesterday when he hadn't killed a man."



CHARLIE STUART

"I got fired by Old John the night the lean-to on the White Elephant saloon caught fire. When they pulled the blazin' lean-to away I fell off and landed on top of Old John. He didn't fire me for that, but later on he got drunk and kept hollerin' 'Hurray for Sky Small and to hell with Peck Pall.' Those was two guys runnin' for sheriff. I got to hollerin' the opposite, so he said, 'By God, Charlie, I oughta fired you when you jumped on me, and by God I'm gonna fire you now.' And he did, too."

LOUIS DE BRAY AND AMBROSE CHENEY RASSLE A CALF →



AT SIGN-IN "DESK" cowboy registers. Reunion was held at David-Nelson ranch, which gave food, drinks.

Life Visits Some Oldtime Cowboys

RANGE VETERANS SWAP STORIES

Among the cowboys of Montana, the really elite are the dim-eyed veterans of the cattle boom of the 1880s and 1890s, which officially came to an end when range land was fenced off for homesteading in 1909. A great many of these oldtimers still live in the neighborhood of Glasgow in northeastern Montana, and for years Glasgow Hotel Owner Paul Campbell had wanted to get them together and take their pictures to put up in his hotel. Campbell was afraid there might not be very many still alive but finally decided to invite all he could find to a reunion early this month. Expecting 40 or 50, he was amazed when a total of 232 genuine oldtime cowhands—those who had been in Montana 50 years or more—showed up.

Although several competitive events like calf branding and wild horse roping were held for the benefit of the 4,000 spectators, the cowhands were content to participate briefly and creakily and then retire to consume beer and barbecued beef and sit around gossiping. Like most cowboys, they were happiest when garrulously telling old stories (left). Toward evening someone lit a diamond willow campfire and a few punchers stayed around it to sing and recite poems, but most wandered home. Those who did not have to be helped were noticeably stiff-legged from all the exercise.

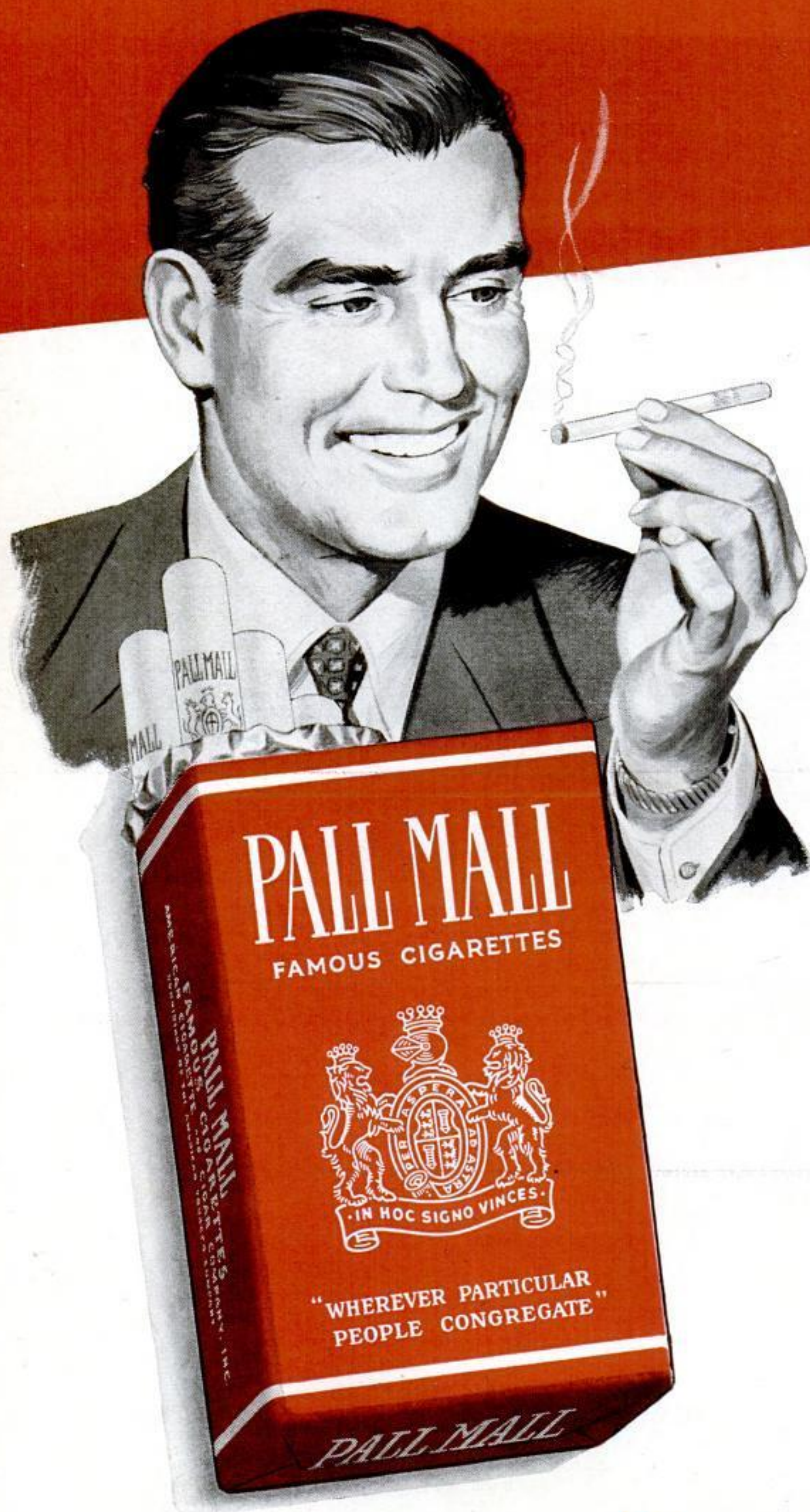


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Guard Against Throat-Scratch

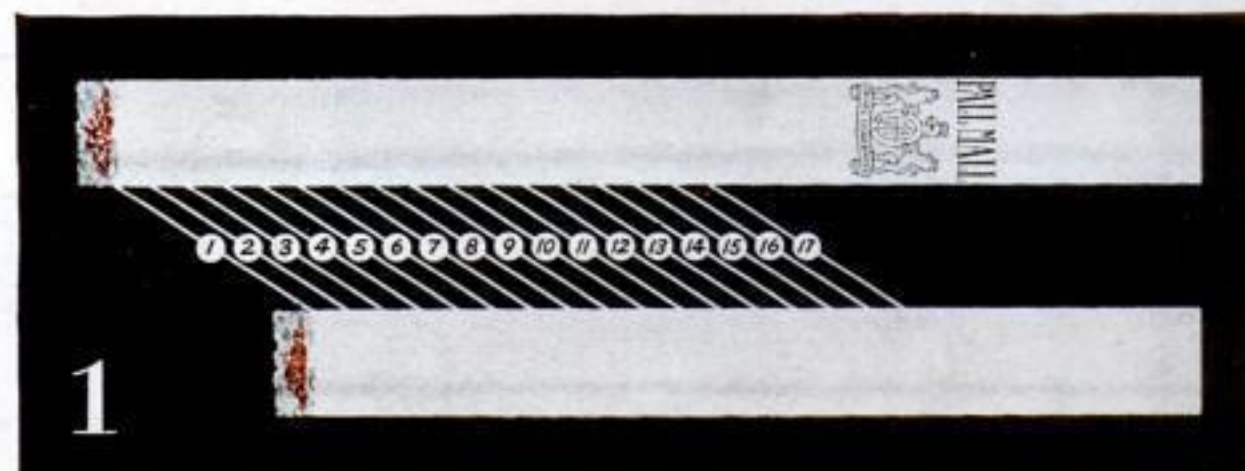
enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

...smoke **PALL MALL** the cigarette whose mildness you can measure

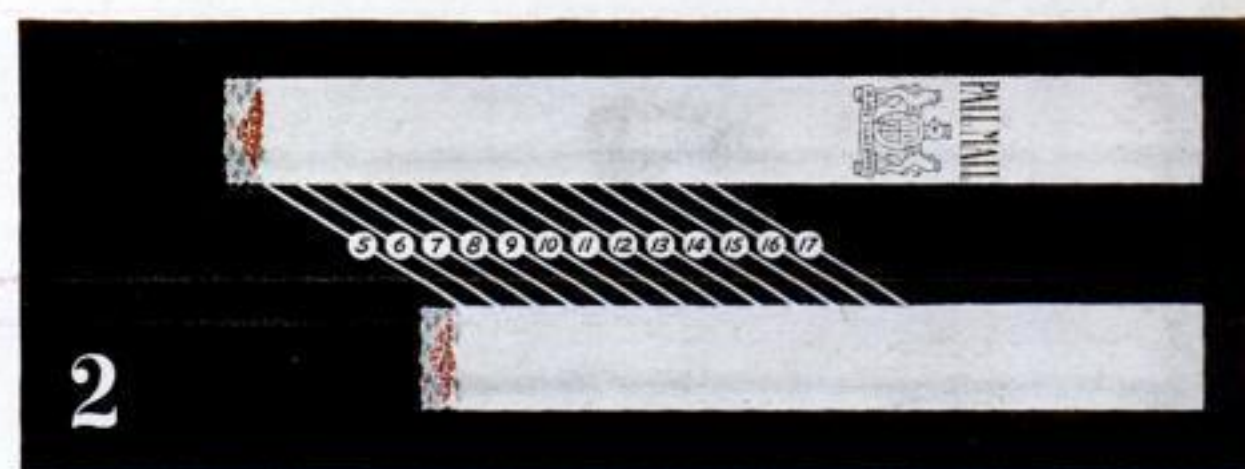


Study this Puff Chart:

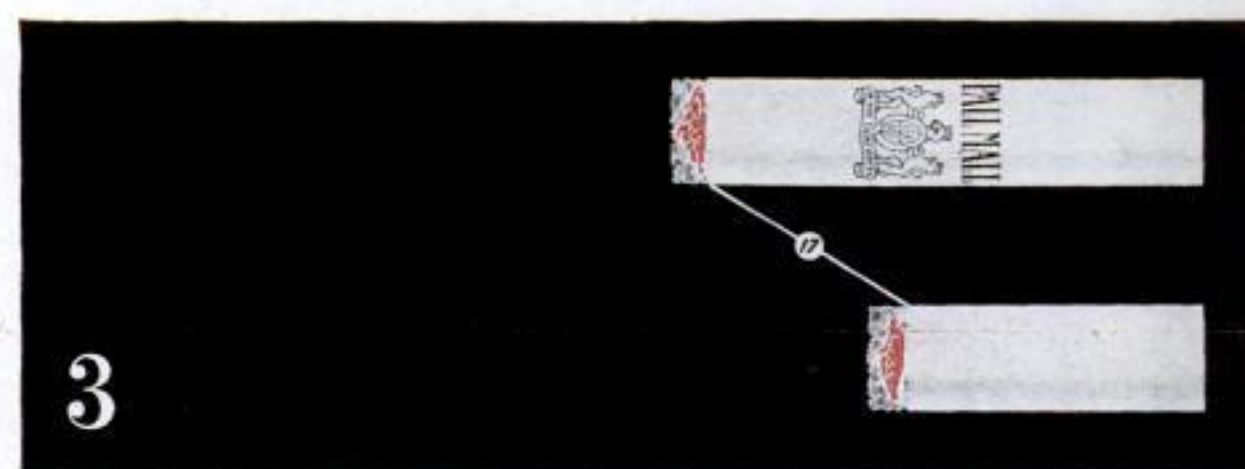
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

* * *

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

Outstanding — and they are mild!

Copr. 1951, American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

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IN ROPING CONTEST Alex Parrent starts to pick out a horse. But rope slipped off and his time was slow.



AT CAMPFIRE "Beartracks" Schultz recites a poem entitled "Springtime on the Gila." Nickname comes from size of his feet and shape of his footprint.



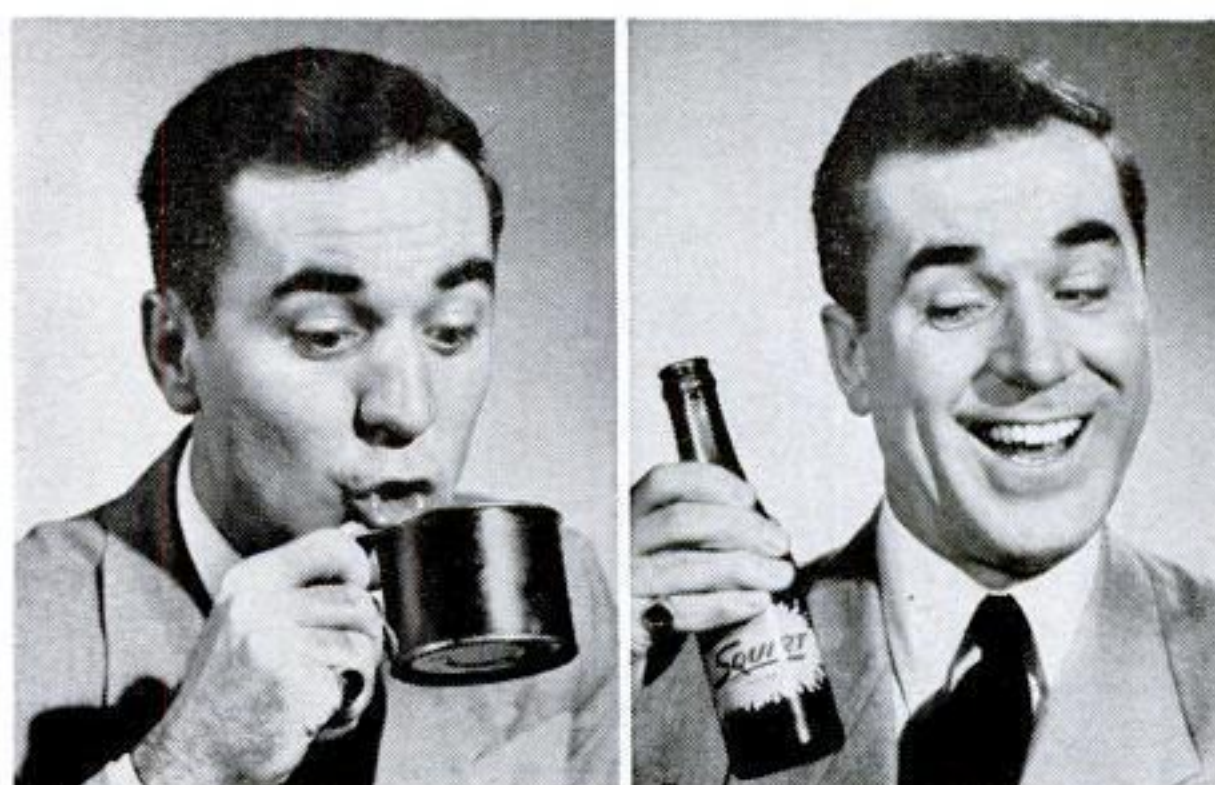
AFTER LUNCH Adam Lenz is helped back to his car. Born in Russia in 1860, he was oldest cowboy present.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*If sweet soft drinks
leave you thirsty...then*
Switch to Squirt
NEVER AN
AFTER-THIRST

*Fresh, clean taste as you drink Squirt...
fresh, clean taste after you drink Squirt...
never an after-thirst!*

That's why millions say — you taste Squirt
and the first thing you know you love it...
Never an after-thirst!



If sweet soft drinks leave
you reaching for a water-
chaser then....

Switch to Squirt, the one soft
drink that can say and prove:
Never an after-thirst!



When you serve mixed drinks,
and when you drink, be smooth about it...
Switch to Squirt, the smooth mixer.



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WHAT D'YA KNOW
...that muck in my car?



A mucked-up oil filter can cost you plenty in engine repairs. Get in a new Purolator* Refill—quick!

Have you checked your oil filter lately? Chances are it looks like this. Takes just 5,000 miles of ordinary driving for your filter to collect 2 pounds or more of grit and sludge . . . get so choked up it can't trap all the engine-wrecking abrasives that seep into your oil. Your car may be headed for some costly repairs.

What to do? Don't delay—get in a clean filter refill—fast.

Which make? Pays to buy the best—a Purolator Micronic*. New accordion-type design gives up to 10 times the filtering area—with pores so tiny they trap particles you can't even see.

Cost much? Strictly small change—\$1.38 to \$3.00 depending on car make. (Complete housing *and* refill—\$6.50 up.)

Take long? Only a few minutes—at your favorite service station, garage or car dealer. Purolator Products, Inc., Rahway, N. J.; Toronto, Ontario, Canada. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

JULY IS FILTER-CHECK MONTH

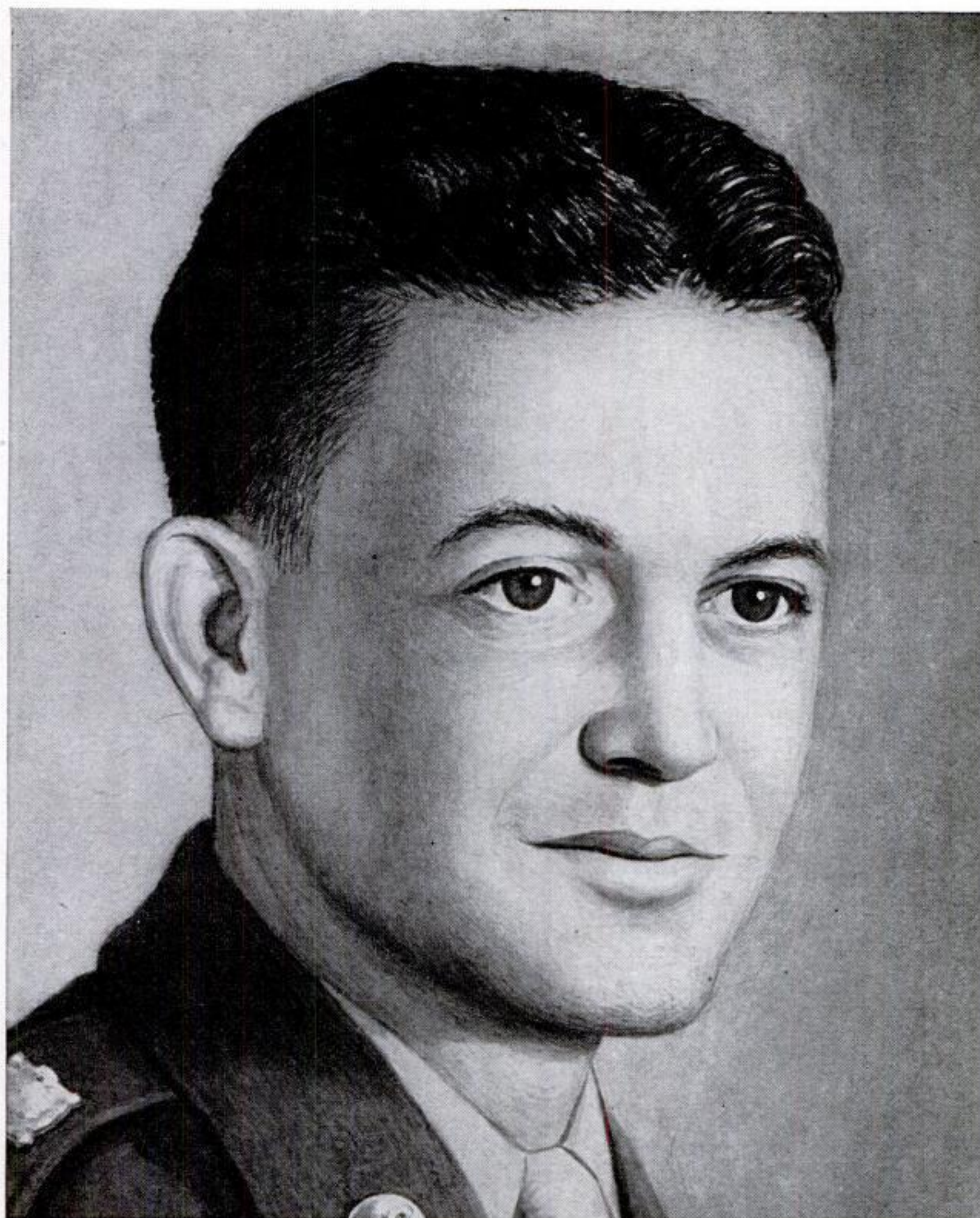
PurOlator
MICRONIC
OIL FILTER



Right you are—it's JACK CARSON, now starring in "MR. UNIVERSE."



BENEATH WESTERN SKY, limitless in the soft dusk, three oldtimers exchange final round of reminiscences of the days when the range was limitless too.



Medal of Honor



Master Sergeant Travis Watkins, of Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor. On September 3, 1950, near Yongsan, Korea, Sergeant Watkins was wounded and paralyzed from the waist down. Ordering his squad to pull out and leave him, he stayed behind and died covering their withdrawal.

Sergeant Watkins gave his life for freedom. What can you do?

This. You can begin today to do your full share in defense of the country *he* defended so far "above and beyond the call of duty" by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds.

For your Defense Bonds strengthen America. And if you will make our country strong enough now, American boys may never have to give their lives again.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building a reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now *every Series E*

Bond you own automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for \$18.75 can return you not just \$25 but as much as \$33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy more United States Defense Bonds now!

****U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!***



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from LIFE, September 20, 1948, by W. Eugene Smith

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE . . .

This is Ernest Ceriani, M.D., the country doctor of Kremmling, Colorado. He has just performed a midnight emergency operation. When he lowers his face-mask in the hospital kitchen you perhaps think, as you look at him, that you are as tired as he is. His worries become your worries; you share his cup of coffee and his cigarette and the slump of his shoulders.

The photograph has the power to establish a close affinity between subject and viewer. Here, it is as if you yourself were living the life of Dr. Ceriani. To many who have seen this picture, the words "country doctor" will always bring to mind this weary and valiant man.

... to see life ... to see the world ... to eyewitness great events

LIFE



*"Try it for a change...
and you'll never change back!"*

**Ballantine Ale
begins where
other brews
leave off...in flavor...
in satisfaction!**



The light ale that's strong on flavor...

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

Why did you
change to Camels,
BUDDY ROGERS?



I MADE THE
DIFFERENT MILDNESS
TESTS. NO OTHER CIGARETTE
HAS CAMEL'S RICH FLAVOR
—AND THEY AGREE
WITH MY THROAT!

Handsome Buddy Rogers, movie, radio and TV star, likes to try things out. He plays every instrument in the band. His curiosity also led him to try different cigarette mildness tests. The thorough 30-day Camel test convinced him.

"After smoking Camels for thirty days, I knew it was Camels for me," says Buddy. "Only Camels give me such flavor, mildness and enjoyment!"

Smokers all over America have made the various mildness tests. And the more they test, the more Camel leads in popularity! Published figures show that *Camel now leads all other brands by billions of cigarettes!*

Smoke only Camels for 30 days. See how rich and flavorful Camels are, pack after pack . . . how well Camels agree with your throat as a *steady* smoke. Then you'll know why—

After all the mildness tests,
**CAMEL LEADS
ALL OTHER BRANDS
BY BILLIONS!**

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED ON 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST . . .

Not one single case of throat
irritation due to smoking

CAMELS

That's what noted throat specialists reported in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days!



Make your own
30-Day Camel
MILDNESS Test
in your "T-Zone"
(T for Throat—
T for Taste)!